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BOATING LIFE AT OXFORD.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW CAPTAIN.

MOST people who know anything of Oxford, know that of all the amusements of the place, boating is the most absorbing, and the most keenly pursued. Not only on bright summer evenings, but through the damp mists of November, and the frost and sleet of February, the river from Folly Bridge to Iffley Lock is covered with craft of all descriptions, from the quiet 'dingey' to the stately 'eight.' Whatever be the attractions to be found elsewhere, whatever be the state of wind or weather, be it rain, hail, or snow, as long as boats can live, boats are launched, and the regular frequenters of the river pursue their daily recreation, or, rather, their daily business, for business it is; more or less absorbing with different men, but a business with all. Probably most people, who are connected either as friends or relatives with Oxford men, know thus much about Oxford boating; but few understand why its influence so widely pervades Oxford life, and its spirit so deeply enters into every Oxford man, whether he take part in it personally or no. Of course Jones's sisters are delighted to hear that he is going to row 'Bow of the Varsity' this year, and they like the excitement of getting up in the twilight to go and see the race; possibly they know what is meant by a 'bump,' and a 'stroke,' but why John should think so much of his

boat making a 'bump,' why he should speak of rowing in the Eight at Putney as preferable to any number of first-classes, they cannot understand. And Jones's father, from his oracular post on the hearthrug, says, 'Boating is a fine, manly exercise, but he hopes John will not allow it to interfere with his studies, and make a business of what should only be a pastime.' So that, on the whole, Jones feels that on the subject dearest to his heart he does not receive much sympathy in the domestic circle. Now this want of interest in a pursuit which engages much of the time and energies of young men of both our great universities, is surely to be regretted, and is, in fact, regretted by many. It is not, of course, to be expected that those who do not engage personally in a pursuit should feel an equal interest in it with those who do; but it seems both possible and desirable that they should understand how that interest arises, and is so constantly maintained among university men of every variety of taste and every degree of muscular development. I purpose, therefore, to attempt, in a few sketches of boating life and boating men, to illustrate without exaggeration, and sometimes by scenes from real life, the important position that boating holds at Oxford, to account for the enthusiasm it creates, and to mark the nature of its influence on the life of

an Oxford man. I shall begin, without further preface, with some account of

A COLLEGE MEETING.

On the morning of the 22nd of January, 18—, the following notice was posted on the inside of the College gates:—

'St. Anthony's College Boat Club. A meeting of the Club will be held on Monday evening next, in Mr. Maclean's rooms, at nine o'clock, to elect a Captain, and transact other business of importance.

(Signed), 'CHARLES THORNHILL,
'Captain.'

I, Tom Maynard, a freshman, read this notice, in common with the rest of the College, as I walked forth for a morning stroll between Chapel and breakfast. Looking back at myself as I was then, I believe I may say without vanity that I was pretty much what a freshman ought to be. I had a proper reverence for senior men, a proper wish to support the institutions of my college, especially the College boat, a desire to avoid 'a bad set,' and a wholesome fear of doing anything that might seem 'fresh,' or might cause me to be considered cheeky or presumptuous. I had, therefore, some doubts, after reading the notice of meeting, as to whether, in spite of having the day before paid a subscription of 2*l.* 2*s.*, I was entitled to take part in the august deliberations of the St. Anthony's Boat Club. However, having taken counsel with a brother freshman, who, being of a more bustling temper than I, made more blunders, but got his information on things in general quicker than I did, I learned that I might consider myself a full-blown member of the club, with a right to 'speak, vote, and blow up the officers, and propose anything, my dear fellow,'—such were his words—'propose yourself for captain, and me for stroke of the Eight, if you like.' After this assurance from my friend Wingfield, an enthusiastic and mercurial man, whose soul 'o'er-informed this tenement of clay,' the said tenement weighing under seven stone, I determined to go to

the meeting, and to the meeting I went.

It was ten minutes after nine o'clock when I reached Mr. Maclean's rooms. Business had not yet commenced, but there was a tolerably good muster already. Men of all sizes were lounging about the room, some disposing their limbs in the most luxurious manner on easy chairs and sofas, some leaning against the high oak mantelpiece, some perched on tall seats in the window; about half were smoking, and several huge tankards of beer were passed round the room from time to time, and were saluted with much gusto. 'Look here,' said Wingfield, who sat next me, and took his pull at the beer with the air of an old hand, 'this cup is to commemorate the year when we won everything at Henley—the Grand Challenge, the Ladies' Plate, the Stewards', and the Diamond Sculls. Rather good, wasn't it, old boy? And d'ye see that big thing with a lid to it? They say a man once drank it right off in Hall: it very nearly killed him, and no wonder, for it holds more than two quarts; but he's all right now; a parson somewhere in the country, I believe.' While Wingfield was giving me this information in an under-tone, there was plenty of chaff going about the room, and an occasional bit of 'bear-fighting,' which I may describe, for the benefit of the uninitiated, as a friendly interchange of compliments, taking the form of wrestling, heaving of sofa-cushions, &c.

At the table, with a large moderator, and pens, ink, and paper before him, sat the captain, conferring gravely with the secretary, who sat at his right, on the business about to be transacted.

'I say, Barrington,' shouted the captain to one of the men in the window, 'just sing out once more, and if no one else turns up, we'll begin.'

Barrington upon this opened the window, and called out in tones varying from a cracked tenor to a tragic bass, the single monosyllable 'Drag.' Having done this about a dozen times, apparently to his own immense enjoyment, he closed the window, and

awaited the result of his efforts. 'The Eight are not all here,' said a sharp voice. 'I hope you'll fine those who are away, Thornhill; it's the rule, you know.' 'All right, Tip, it's only old Five; he's always late, but he's sure to come.'

'Oh! here you are, at last,' cried Tip, as the door opened, and a very large body, surmounted by a good-humoured and rather handsome face, with a short pipe in its mouth, loafed into the room. 'You're just in time. You'd have been fined in another second.'

'I'll break your neck when I get near you, young 'un,' returned Number Five. 'I hope I'm not late, Thornhill; there was a rattling brew of bishop going in Jackson's rooms, that was too good to leave.'

'Of course; we knew you must be lushing somewhere,' put in Tip.

'Will you shut up?' replied the big man, threatening him with the tankard he had taken up on first entering the room. 'The fact is, captain, I believe I'm like those things in the Greek Testament, that stumped me in the Schools the other day, containing two or three firkins apiece.' 'Ah!' said Thornhill, 'only very little of it is water; however, sit down, and we'll begin. Order, order!'

At this all hats went off, and everybody listened.

'Gentlemen,' said Thornhill, 'before we proceed to the main business of the evening, the secretary will read the annual statement of accounts.'

Hallett, the secretary, then rose and made a brief and not very lucid statement, from which it appeared that the club was not more than 150*s.* in debt, and there was great hope that, with careful management, the debts might be easily paid off in the course of a few years.

When the 'Hear, hear,' that greeted the secretary's statement had subsided, Thornhill rose again and said, after scraping his throat more than once, 'Gentlemen, I have now to resign the captaincy of the club, and to ask you to elect a fresh man in my place.'

Although every one had known long before that the captain was

going to resign, no one seemed to have realized the fact till now, and there was silence all through the room.

'If that were all,' continued Thornhill, 'I should not trouble you with a speech; but, as I shall leave the College to-morrow, and be on my way to India probably within a fortnight, I want to say a word or two before I go.'

Hespoke the last sentence quickly, as if he feared his voice might fail him before he got to the end of it, and then paused and looked hard at the tablecloth.

'Pass that beer,' exclaimed the ever-thirsty No. Five, whose name, by-the-by, was Baxter. 'Young Tip, you're not fit to live.'

Tip took a long pull himself, and then passed the tankard, taking care to keep well out of reach of Baxter's arm.

'No man in the College,' continued Thornhill, raising his eyes, 'will ever leave it with more regret than I shall. I have passed a happier four years here than I ever did or ever shall pass again. I have made a good many friends who will last me my life.' ('Hear, hear, and 'Rather, old fellow,' from Baxter.') 'And I think that every one here at least wishes me well.' (Loud cheering all round the room, in which Wingfield and I joined with great enthusiasm.) 'I thank you with all my heart for your kindness,' Thornhill went on, 'and I'll never forget it; and wherever I may be, I'll try and do credit to the old place.' Here every one cheered lustily, and then Thornhill began again in a firmer tone. 'And now, gentlemen, before I go, I want to say something about the boating of the College. Our Eight stands higher on the river now than it has stood for the last ten years' (great cheering); 'and with such men as Hallett and Baxter to pull the boat along, it ought to go higher still.' (Hear, hear.) 'I wish to thank those gentlemen and all the members of the Eight, for the goodwill they have always shown me, helping me, both in the boat and out of the boat, to get the Eight well up on the river. They have always been

willing to submit their judgment to mine, and have trained, with one or two exceptions, conscientiously throughout.' ('Aha! Bags,' said Tip, *sotto voce*, to Baxter, 'that's one for you. Who drank beer at eleven o'clock in the morning?') 'I hope the next captain may be able to say the same; there is not a grander thing to be seen in the world than a set of men yielding obedience of their own free will to a ruler of their own choosing. Depend upon it, if all the men of the College work well together, and keep up good training and discipline, the boat will go to the head of the river, and the reputation of the College all round will rise with it. You may be sure, when I am out in India, that I shall watch eagerly for any news of the College, and the College boat; and shan't I make a rush at "Bell's Life," whenever I get a chance, to see what the Eights are doing! If I could only see our boat row head of the river, I think I shouldn't mind if I died the next minute.'

Then Thornhill sat down, and the cheering was long and loud. When it was over, we proceeded to the election of a new captain. A slip of paper was handed round on which each wrote the name of the man he considered fittest for the captaincy.

'I shall vote for Hallett,' said I to Wingfield. 'He's the right man, isn't he? Stroke of the Eight, you know.'

'Well, I don't know,' returned Wingfield. 'I rather think I shall vote for Percy, the little man they call "Tip;" he steered the 'Varsity Eight; Hallett is not a 'Varsity oar.'

I think Wingfield had a secret ambition to steer the 'Varsity Eight himself, and wished to create a precedent for his own election to the captaincy; and perhaps there was a similar feeling in my own secret bosom, when I voted for Hallett. The voting-papers were now collected, and Thornhill announced the result—'Mr. Hallett is elected by a large majority.' Then he retired and seated himself in a quiet corner by Baxter, and Hallett took the chair amid hearty cheering.

'Gentlemen,' said Hallett, rising as soon as there was a calm, 'I

thank you with all my heart for the honour you have conferred upon me, the greatest honour you could confer, and one that, I don't mind saying, I have wished for many and many a time. I hope I shall do credit to the post—at any rate I'll try.' ('Of course you will, old boy,' from Baxter.) 'However, I won't make any promises now, but just say a word about old Thornhill, who is leaving us. Most of us here know him well; and I can tell those who don't, that he's the best man, the truest friend, and the pluckiest oar that ever stepped. His rowing last year at Putney, bow of the Eight, was a treat to see, and he was the only man in the boat whose back was as straight as a board when the boat passed Hammersmith Bridge. I have often heard it said, "Oh, everybody knows, Thornhill is the best oar in Oxford for his size." ('Wouldn't you like that to be said of you?' said Wingfield to me. 'Rather!' I replied; and all my soul was in the word.) 'No one,' went on Hallett, 'ever loved the College with all his heart like Charlie Thornhill; and he may be sure the College will not forget him; and whenever any success turns up, and we win a prize or gain a place on the river, our first thought will be "Won't old Thornhill be pleased at this?" It will keep his spirits up, if ever they are down, to know that the old place remembers him kindly, and that, whenever his name is mentioned among the old men who have left us, whether in a toast at supper, or over a quiet glass of wine, he will always be spoken of as "dear old Thornhill." And now, gentlemen, let us give him musical honours and three times three.'

All rose at once; and Baxter, who had been patting Thornhill on the back throughout Hallett's speech, with more or less vigour, according to the variation of his feelings, led off in a stentorian voice, with 'He's a jolly good fellow,' &c., in which we joined with all our might. Then followed such cheers as I never heard in all my life before, prolonged till we were all hoarse, and nearly deaf. Thornhill sat all the

time in the same corner by the window with a half-smile on his face, trying not to show the emotion he really felt. After the cheers, Baxter, who by this time was getting excited, proposed 'Auld lang syne,' which was sung with fresh enthusiasm. Then every one crowded to shake hands with Thornhill, and wish him good-bye; and I, on the strength of having been coached by him two or three times in a tub pair-oar, grasped his hand like the rest, and thought it the greatest honour I ever received. Then Thornhill left the room with Baxter, and I saw something very like a tear in the corner of his eye as he went. And so the meeting ended, and I went to my room with a flushed face, and a tumult of thoughts in my brain, which kept me awake till near morning.

CHAPTER II.

OUR 'TORPID.'

As few people, in all probability, know what is meant by a 'Torpid,' it may be as well to begin with a brief explanation of that rather unattractive term. There are two periods of the year at which races regularly take place between the eight-oared boats of the various Colleges in Oxford, namely, March and May. In May crews formed of the best eight men that can be got together out of each College, and called *par excellence* the 'Eights,' race against each other for the headship of the river, or strive to come as near it as they may. In March the racing of the second best boats takes place: these boats are the 'Torpids.' Why so called none can tell; the origin of the name is veiled in mystery, which it would seem to the present writer sacrilege to attempt to penetrate. No one who has rowed in his College Eight of the previous year is allowed to row in a Torpid, so that the Torpid crews are formed chiefly of the fresh blood of the year, and, as showing what is the new material in each College, the Torpid races possess a peculiar interest for the rowing community of Oxford. So much for explanation, which, however necessary, is

likely to be dull. I shall now proceed with the history of the St. Anthony's Torpid for the year 18—.

We had always been proud of our Torpid; I say 'we,' for, though at the time I speak of I was but a freshman, I felt myself heir to all the old traditions of the college, and a good Torpid was one of the oldest. Whatever our pick of men might be, whatever bad luck we might have—and we had our share—we had always worked hard and made the best of it; and we could, and often did say with pride, that never since we first put on a Torpid had we fallen so low as to take it off. The year before I came up to St. Anthony's our boat had moved up from ninth to fifth on the river, and the prowess of the crew was well remembered at every festive gathering in the College. This year, however, our prospects were not of the brightest; our best men had been drafted into the Eight, and the freshmen of the year were not a promising lot; or, according to Baxter, who, like most big men, inclined to a desponding view of things, 'no good at all.'

'Why, look here, young 'un,' I heard him say to the more sanguine Tip, 'I coached that big lubber Wilkinson every day last term to try and make something of him, and all he does now is to put his oar in deep, and pull it out with a jerk.'

'Well but, my dear fellow,' returned Tip, 'all that bone and muscle must be got to work somehow, and I'm sure the man's willing enough; besides, just think what an awful duffer you were yourself when you began to row; by Jove, I shall never forget your plaintive old face when Thornhill was pitching into you for not keeping your arms straight!'

'No more of that, Tip, or I'll scrag you,' replied Baxter, as Tip began an imitation of his first essay in rowing; 'I'll have another turn at the big duffer, but it's my belief the boat will be bumped three times with the crew we've got at present. Come along; it's time we were down at the barge.'

From the time when Thornhill

resigned, and said good-bye, the boating spirit had entered deeply into my soul, and I made a strong resolve that, if perseverance and hard work could do it, I would some day be a good oar. I had learned something about the handling of an oar on the river near my own home, and by dint of hard practice and plenty of coaching achieved at last what was then the dearest wish of my heart, a place in the St. Anthony's Torpid. Wingfield, being by far the lightest man in the College, and possessing that quickness and self-confidence which is indispensable in a coxswain, was learning the art of steering, and was pretty sure to keep his position in the stern of the boat.

It wanted now three weeks to the first day of the races, and I was seated in the window of my rooms, which were on the ground-floor, pegging away at Euripides for the 'smalls' that loomed in the distance, when I was aware of Hallett and Baxter talking at a short distance from me.

'Have you considered, old man,' began Baxter, 'that it only wants three weeks to the races, and the Torpid's not made up yet?'

'Yes, I know,' replied Hallett, 'it's an awkward state of things; the men ought to go into training to-morrow, but it's no use without having the crew settled, and especially stroke.'

'Just so,' said Baxter, rather indistinctly, for he had a cigar in his mouth. 'Well, what's to be done? We must try somebody; there's Wilkinson will do well enough for five; I must say he's turned out better than ever I expected, and Vere is pretty good at six, and Hilton makes a fair two, but none of them would do for stroke.'

'Well, there's young Maynard,' observed Hallett, reflectively; at that I pricked up my ears, and Euripides and *smalls* vanished into thin air. 'He's not the best oar in the boat,' continued Hallett, 'but he has the most pluck and go about him of any; suppose we try him to-day. Whereabouts does he hang out? Hallo!' he went on, in a lower tone, 'isn't that his name

over the door? If he's in, he must have heard all we've been saying.' With that he knocked, and both entered.

'Good morning, Maynard; I expect you heard what Baxter and I were talking about outside.' I turned rather red, and confessed I had. 'Well,' said Hallett, 'you see we want you to row stroke to-day, and if you get on all right we'll begin training to-morrow.'

'You mustn't be surprised, you know,' said Baxter, 'if you're sent back to your old place.'

'Oh, of course not,' replied I, meekly, 'but I'll do the best I can to keep my place at stroke.'

'All right,' returned Hallett; 'mind you're down in time—three o'clock sharp, you know,' and he and Baxter left the room.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, the feeling of mingled pride and misgiving with which I stepped into the boat that afternoon to row stroke. I felt as if all the river would be watching every turn of my oar, and, as the boat went swinging down the stream, I fancied I could hear the men on the barges saying to each other, 'Here comes St. Anthony's; so they've got a stroke at last; wonder what he's like.' Baxter's voice on the bank, however, soon recalled me to my senses. 'Not so quick, Stroke!' 'Keep your feather down!' 'You're missing the beginning!' and so on, at intervals, all the way down.

At Ifley we turned and began the row up, Hallett and Baxter, not to be shaken off, keeping up a raking fire from the bank. 'Put your back into it, five.' 'Mind the time, three.' 'Slowly forward, two.' 'Hallo, Wingfield, mind what you're about; look ahead, steer in shore; by Jove there'll be a smash!' 'Look ahead,' cried Wingfield, suddenly jumping up in the utmost excitement. 'Easy all! Hold her!'

In another second we felt a shock all through the boat; there was a crash of oars, and we were pitched head first into the water.

'I—can't—swim,' panted Wingfield, as he came to the surface, and, before I could seize him, disappeared again. In a few seconds the

small head rose once more, and this time I managed to grasp the little man by the collar, and, with some trouble, got him astride of the boat, which lay bottom upwards on the water. The rest had by this time got ashore, and I now followed them, leaving little Wingfield, by no means sure of his seat, on the boat, the water streaming from him on all sides, and altogether looking the most comical picture possible. He was soon rescued by a punt, and then we all ran back to our barge to change our wet flannels and keep the cold off by a nip of brandy at the Boat-House Tavern.

'Well, Wingfield, you made rather a mess of your steering just now,' said Hallett; 'you and the cox of the other boat both lost your heads.'

Wingfield looked very crest-fallen.

'Well, never mind,' said Hallett; 'how are you now?'

'Oh, all right, thank you. You see, I can't swim, so I was rather in a funk at the time.'

'Yes, anybody could see that,' remarked Tip, who had enjoyed the whole thing immensely. 'When you were safe astride of the boat, you looked just like John Gilpin when his horse ran away.'

'I hate that fellow Tip,' said Wingfield to me immediately afterwards, 'don't you? No, of course you don't, you never hate anybody, why should you? It's only small men who've reason to hate; they're obliged to do it in self-defence. But, old fellow, I haven't thanked you yet for pulling me out of a watery grave; you may be sure I sha'n't forget it, and I'll pay you back some day when I get the chance.' I could tell by the tone of his voice that he meant more than he said, and I felt that from that day the little 'Torpid' coxswain was the firmest friend I had.

As we walked up from the river, Baxtersaid, 'Maynard, we've settled that you'll do for stroke, and the crew is to go into training to-morrow. Breakfast in Hallett's rooms to-morrow morning, and mind everybody has a good walk first. Wingfield, you'll have to see that all the crew are off to bed by half-past ten.'

And so the business of training began, and beef and mutton twice a day was our food for nearly a month. I shall not now enter into the details of that training; how 'bow' was ill, or fancied he was, for three days; how Vere was nearly turned out of the boat for being out of bed at midnight; how Wilkinson turned sulky, and spread a spirit of mutiny among the crew; and how Hilton once ate buttered toast for breakfast, and caper-sauce with his boiled mutton, all which particulars, however momentous in the eyes of the St. Anthony's Torpid then, would doubtless be tedious to the general reader. Suffice it to say, that the first day of the races found us all in excellent fettle and high spirits, and even Baxter was fain to confess that we had improved immensely in the last week, and might make a bump or two. Does everybody know what is meant by a 'bump'? Very likely not. So, at the risk of being considered a bore, I shall take the liberty to explain.

The Torpid races are conducted in the manner following. At the part of the river where the start takes place a number of posts are placed along the bank 160 feet apart, and by one of these each boat takes its station according to the order of the previous year, the head boat being highest up the river, the second 160 feet behind it, and so on to the last. To each post a rope is made fast, one end of which, having a large bung attached, is held by the coxswain of the boat. When the starting-gun fires, the bungs are dropped, and each boat starts in pursuit of the one before it. Any boat overtaking another, so as to touch any part of it, makes a 'bump.' Both boats lay to out of the way of those behind, and on the following day the 'bumping' boat takes its station above the 'bumped,' and tries to overtake the next boat, and so on through the six days of the races. With this explanation the reader will, I trust, understand the particular races I am about to describe.

At two o'clock on one of those damp, 'muggy' days, which are only too common in Oxford, the St. An-

thony's crew, clad in white flannel trimmed with the college colours, walked down to the barge for their 'preliminary paddle.' Flags flying on all the barges, and the brand-new uniforms of the various crews, made the scene gay in spite of the sombre hue of the sky, but the faces of the men, anxious even to paleness, showed that there was some serious business on hand.

'Now then, tumble in, you fellows,' shouted Baxter; 'you'll want time to breathe between the paddle and the race.'

That paddle did us a world of good in keeping our thoughts off the coming race; but when it was over, we had still a quarter of an hour to wait before rowing down to the start. It was a terrible quarter of an hour for me, for being stroke of the boat, I felt as if the whole responsibility lay on my shoulders, and as the minutes—hours they seemed—went on, the deep red spot in my cheek grew deeper and deeper, and a sort of shuddering came over me, till my teeth seemed to rattle in my head. We all tried to laugh and chaff as usual, but it was a ghastly attempt, and we gave it up as if by mutual consent.

'Time to start,' sung out Tip at last, and out we came to the boat's side with right good will. 'Where's Number Two? That fellow's always late; has anybody seen him?'

'He was loafing down the bank five minutes ago,' said Hilton.

'Then why the deuce didn't you bring him back? You'll all be late at the start, and have to row up in your coats.'

Two or three men were despatched to find the missing one, but minute after minute went by, and he did not come. Hallett and Baxter had gone down to the start, and Tip, left in charge, was wild.

'Ten minutes to three; you won't be down in time; the first gun fires at three; all the boats are off, except Brasenose, now. Confound that fellow Vere!' and Tip was proceeding to use still stronger language when Vere, looking wonderfully unconcerned, made his appearance.

'I'm afraid I'm rather late,' he began.

'Late! I should think you were; where the deuce have you been? But never mind now; jump in, and let's get off, we've no time to lose.' And off we went.

We had to row pretty fast, for it was nearly a mile to our starting-post, and, as Tip said, there was no time to be lost. The first gun fired just before we reached our post, and when we did we had still to turn, and it is no easy thing to turn a boat fifty feet long without a keel, and with no room to spare. At last we were safely round, and lying under the bank, a good deal out of breath from the row down and the fear of being too late.

'Two minutes gone,' sung out our timekeeper on the bank, and the words were echoed all along the line of boats. 'Plenty of time,' said Hallett, who held the stern-rope, ready to pay it out at the last minute. 'Keep your heads, and do exactly what I tell you, and mind, no one else says a word. Baxter, be ready to shove her off in the bows.' It took a great deal to make Hallett nervous. 'Three minutes gone.'

'Take your coats off,' said Hallett again. We flung our coats to the men on the bank, and made ready for the struggle with scarcely a word. 'Now shove her out and pass her up a little: steady, that will do. The wind's blowing on shore; mind you keep those stroke oars clear of the bank, Baxter.'

'Four minutes gone,' shouted the timekeeper, and at the same instant came the crack of the second gun, that sent the blood back to my heart. 'Steady now, all; don't look out of the boat.'

'Five seconds gone.' 'Keep her well out, Baxter.'

'Ten seconds gone—15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40.' 'Paddle up all—gently—steady now'—'45, 50.' 'Look out, Baxter, she's drifting in again'—'51, 52.' 'Get forward all, and look out for the flash. Shove her out, Baxter, for heaven's sake!'—'55,' and the bows of the boat were pointing in shore. Baxter, in desperation, plunged into the

water, and, seizing one of the oars, shoved us out only just in time. '58, 59.' I heard no more. We were off, that was all I knew, and the race had begun. For the first few strokes I was unconscious of everything, even of the shouts on the bank, but my senses soon came back, and I began to realize the work cut out for me. The shouting on the bank was tremendous, lulling sometimes for a moment, and then swelling again into a loud, confused roar.

'You're gaining now,' was the first clear sound I heard. It was Baxter's stentorian voice. 'Quickened up, stroke, and you'll catch them under the willows.'

I quickened, and the shouts on the bank told me we were getting nearer and nearer; but Oriel put on a fresh spurt, and though we continued to gain, it was but slowly. 'Well rowed, St. Anthony's! You're gaining again! Give it to her! Well rowed!' Still there was no bump: the excitement that had stimulated us was cooling now, and the work began to tell. My wind seemed utterly gone, and I felt as if I could give up the race, anything rather than go on at this killing pace.

We were under the willows now; my arms seemed giving way, and my heart died within me, as I thought of the distance we had yet to row. But then came the thought of the glory of a bump, and I said to myself 'Now Maynard, my boy, only three minutes more; die rather than shut up;' and with that my wind seemed to come back, and I put on another spurt with all the strength I had. The crew picked it up well, and little Wingfield in the stern urged us on with all his might. 'Stick to it! You must do it now! Lay it on! Now for it!' he cried, and then stuck his whistle between his teeth and blew with a will. That was the signal for our final effort. I set my teeth and tugged as I had never tugged be-

fore; the voices on the bank grew louder and more confused, our oars went slashing through the water, and our boat tossed like a cork in the wash of the boat before us. 'Three strokes more, and you're into them,' shouted Wingfield. There was a loud roar on the bank, a slight shock through the boat, an 'Easy all' from Wingfield, and all was over. We had made our bump, and were happy. I would not have exchanged places that minute with any man you like to name. Never before, and never since, have I felt anything like the calm, triumphant happiness of rowing back to our barge with Oriel behind us, and the cheers of half the river ringing in our ears. And then what heroes we were as we stepped out of the boat! The cheering, the patting on the back, the almost hugging that we got! Oh, it was worth millions!

'Stroke, my lad,' said Hallett, 'you rowed like a man.' 'Like three men, you mean,' put in Baxter, who was greatly excited. 'It was a grand race; your spurt at the top willow was simply splendid. Come along, old boy, you must be awfully pumped; come and sit down; you're the pinkiest little brick I know.'

That night, when dinner was over, a crowd gathered on the hall steps, and Hallett, with a huge silver cup in his hand, that one which reminded us of our triumphs at Henley, came out, and drank 'To the health of the gallant Torpid;' and then such cheers rang out as it would have been worth your while to hear. And so the first day of the races came to an end. That was the great day for us: we bumped two more boats, but neither of them gave us such a race as the one I have described, and we ended second on the river.

'By Jove,' said Tip, triumphantly, as we walked up to College after the last race, 'we haven't been so high on the river for five years; won't we have a rattling bump-supper, and no mistake!'

MODERN BEAU BRUMMELLISM.

BEAU BRUMMELL was the dandy of his day, and a dandy of a peculiar kind. Etymologists tell us that the word 'dandy' is derived from the French *dandin*, or 'ninny,' or from the Italian *dandolo*, or 'toy.' Hence a dandy means one who dresses himself like a doll, a fop, a coxcomb, a ninny. The peculiar type which was especially represented by the famous Brummell was combined with an amount of fastidiousness and helplessness to which there is no parallel. He was a remarkable instance of a man pushing himself into a grade of society to which he had no claim, by dint of a certain amount of assurance and a high estimation of himself. There is nothing more true than the saying that the world takes a man at the value he sets upon himself. He who depreciates himself by a humility, whether true or false, will not be esteemed by the world at large. The dealer who cries 'stinking fish' is not likely to find much custom for his wares. Let a man assert himself, and lay claim to a certain amount of wisdom, and talk like an oracle, and the chances are that, unless he is a fool, the world, having neither time nor inclination to go into the matter, will take him at his own valuation. It only requires perseverance, an indomitable will, and inordinate self-esteem, combined with a certain amount of tact, which, in this instance, might almost be better called an instinct of self-preservation, which prevents a man from showing the cards which he holds in his own hands. Some people are easily imposed upon by silence, and are apt to attribute depth of learning and profundity of thought to the man who is silent, for no other reason than that he has nothing to say. Coleridge says, 'Silence does not always mark wisdom,' and goes on to relate an anecdote in illustration. 'I was at dinner, some time ago, in company with a man who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of dinner, some apple dump-

lings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with "Them's the jockeys for me!" He destroyed whatever *prestige* he had acquired by his silence by showing his folly.' Had he remained silent, Coleridge might have continued to think him intelligent. The man who is wise enough to keep his own counsel while he lays claim to superior gifts, will probably get credit for all he claims. In Brummell we have a remarkable instance of a man valued according to his own estimate of himself. Possessing no great mental gifts, he worked his way into the highest ranks of society, until he came into the very presence of royalty, where he made himself necessary by the force of will, assurance, and self-conceit, which had already obtained for him so great a reputation, that to be spoken to by Brummell, and to dress like him, was the ambition of all the dandies of the day. No doubt he possessed great graces of the body, as well as the natural gift of an almost faultless taste: otherwise it would be impossible fully to account for the completeness of his success while he basked in the sunshine of royal favour. He was the very type of dandies,

'neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom . . .

He was perfum'd like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pommet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again.'

Stories without end are told of him, all pointing to him as the great oracle in dress. No lady ever required the attention of her hand-maid more than Brummell demanded the assistance of his valet during the tedious operation of his toilet. The great secret of tying a cravat was known only to Brummell and his set; and it is reported of him that his servant was seen to leave his presence with a large quantity of tumbled cravats, which, on being interrogated, he said were 'failures,' so important were cravats in those days, and so critical the tying of

them. His fastidiousness and helplessness are exhibited side by side in this anecdote. The one that there should have been so many 'failures' before he could be satisfied; the other, that he should have required the assistance of a valet, or, indeed, of any hand except his own in tying it.

This fastidiousness and helplessness are not, however, confined to any age. Indolence, conceit, love of dress, and helplessness, will always exist so long as we have bodies to pamper and to deck. There will always be men who devote much time and thought to their personal appearance, who 'shine so brisk, and smell so sweet, and talk so like a waiting gentlewoman;' men who try on coat after coat, and waistcoat after waistcoat, that their effect may be faultless; who consider harmony of colour, and the cut of a coat, or the fit of a shoe or a boot, matters of the greatest moment in life; who, whether beardless boys or elderly men, never pass a looking-glass without stealing aly glances at themselves, and never move except with care and caution, lest the arrangement of their hair, or some portion of their toilet, should be marred. The elderly dandies study to be *bien conservés*, while the younger ones care only never to be behind the fashion of the day, be it what it may. In a certain listlessness of manner they, like Brummell, demand the constant attention of a valet. They require him to stand behind them and arrange the parting of their hair at the back of the head and to smoothe it, to make the collar and tie tie well, to tighten the waistcoat, and put on the coat artistically, and press out any creases, to put the right quantity of perfume on the hankchief, and, in fine, to be responsible for their appearance. These dandies cannot lace or unlace their own boots; they cannot take off their own coat; and never for a moment dream of packing their own clothes, or of looking after their own luggage when they travel. They look for, expect, and demand an amount of attention which any, who do not happen to be somewhat behind the scenes, would suppose

none but the most helpless of women would require. It by no means follows that they have been brought up in such Sybarite habits. Love of ease, love of self-importance, or a mistaken idea that it indicates high breeding, have led to this unmanliness. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that they who have been most accustomed to what are called the luxuries of life from their very cradle are the most dependent upon them. Perhaps some of the most independent men are to be found among those who have all their lives been in the full enjoyment of every comfort, while, on the other hand, they who have come into possession of them only recently, and by a lucky stroke of fortune, lay the most stress upon them, and are very tenacious of them, as if the secret of true happiness were bound up in them. Nothing illustrates this more than the noble and manly way in which some of those who had been brought up in the very lap of luxury bore the hardships and adversities of a soldier's life during the war in the Crimea. Then it was that the true metal showed itself; that good blood proved itself by noble deeds.

It cannot be denied that it would be difficult to devise anything more hideous or unbecoming than the dress of a gentleman of the nineteenth century. It may be easy and comfortable, and a wider margin may be allowed to the caprice of individuals; but, in all its forms, it is ugly and deficient in both picturesque and pictorial effect. One of the great charms of Vandyke's pictures, apart, of course, from their exquisite painting, lies in the dress. They are all such courtly gentlemen, and one feels to be in such good company as one admires them. There was no fancy dress put on for the occasion, no special dandyism, but the ordinary dress of the times, such as men of their rank and position were accustomed to wear. There was much more etiquette in dress formerly than now exists, just as there was much more formality in all they did. Ruffles and buckles, silk hose and doublets, were not adopted specially by any one more

devoted than his neighbours to the love and science of dress. Men and women were more courteous to one another, outwardly at least, than they now are. Children rose up at the entrance of their parents, and did not resume their seats while they were standing. No man would address any lady in public with his head covered. Young men would take off their hats even to their equals, always to their elders. The old *minuet de la cour* was a very sedate kind of dance compared with those of the present day. If we have gained in freedom, we have lost a great deal of outward mutual respect. Much of what we mean still remains on the Continent, where there is a considerable distinction between the various classes in matters of dress. The peasant has his or her style, and the nobles theirs, while the intermediate classes have their distinctive styles. These distinctions are now abolished. We have no national costume; and the lowest menials endeavour to imitate, to the best of their powers, the grandest lords and ladies in the land.

It would be a great mistake to infer, from the pictures which have been handed down to us, that there was more dandyism formerly than now. Who would lay anything of the kind to the charge of Lord Nelson? Yet we find him represented to us, in paintings descriptive of his great naval actions, dressed in knee-breeches, silk stockings, and all the accessories of a court dress.

It was the custom which prevailed at that period, and is by no means a fashion in the sense in which the word is used to denote super-excellence and super-fastidiousness in dress. At the death of Lord Nelson the officers who surrounded that great hero are depicted dressed according to the custom which was as much *de rigueur* as it is now for officers in the army and navy to put on their uniforms when they go into the presence of royalty. To compare small things with great, we find that Lord Winchelsea's Eleven played at cricket in silver-laced hats, knee-breeches, and silk stock-

ings. Bumps and even blood would occasionally show and come through the stockings; and it is related of one man that he tore a finger-nail off against his shoe-buckle in picking up a ball! There must have been a very different kind of bowling then to that which now prevails, if we may judge from the necessity for pads of all kinds and descriptions, and when, in spite of pads and gloves, fingers and, occasionally, even legs are broken by the excessive violence of the bowling.

The formality and courtliness in dress which existed even to so late a period as that to which we have referred, may be said to have gone out with hoops and powder. Our ancestors, no doubt, deplored the changes which took place in their days, and sighed over the introduction of novelties, and the freedom or license, as it may be called, in dress in our times would have shocked their sense of propriety, for we find an amusing account in the 'Spectator' of the alarm felt at the way in which ladies dressed themselves for riding, 'in a hat and feather, a riding-coat and periwig, or at least tying up their hair in a bag or riband, in imitation of the smart part of the opposite sex,' which the astonished countryman described as 'a gentleman in a coat and hat.'

There can be no doubt that a certain amount of attention to dress is necessary so far as it effects personal cleanliness and neatness. A well-dressed man, that is to say, a man who dresses like a gentleman, neither like a fop, nor a clerk, nor a tailor who makes his own back his advertisement, is sure to be well received in all good society. Goldsmith says that 'Processions, cavalcades, and all that fund of gay frippery furnished out by tailors, barbers, and tirewomen, mechanically influence the mind into veneration; an emperor in his nightcap would not meet with half the respect of an emperor with a crown.' The only complaint made against our gracious Queen, when she visited Ireland, by some of her poor Irish subjects was, that 'she was dressed like any other lady, and

had no crown on her head.' There is much worldly wisdom in paying some heed to the adornment of the outer man. It is a good letter of introduction; but when it goes beyond that, and branches out into excesses of foppery, it becomes unmanly, and, as such, cannot be too much condemned. When young men are either so helpless or fastidious that the constant presence of a valet during their toilet is a *sine quâ non*; that the parting at the back of the head requires as much attention as a lady's 'back hair'; it is time, indeed, that some such satirist as the old 'Spectator' should rise up and turn them into ridicule.

But of all the fops in existence, the old fop is the most contemptible. A man who has outlived his generation; who trips like Agag 'delicately,' to hide the infirmities of age, or affect a youth that has long ceased; who competes with the young men of the day in his attentions to the fair sex; who dresses in the very extreme of the prevailing fashion of the day, with shirts elaborately embroidered, and wristbands, fastened together with conspicuously magnificent sleeve-links, which he is always pulling down, either to show them or to establish the fact, which no one would care to dispute, that he has a clean shirt to his back; who is scented and perfumed; whose wig, faultlessly made, is judiciously sprinkled with a few grey hairs that it may appear to be his own hair when he has long ceased to have any to boast of; who uses dyes and cosmetics that the marks of age may be obliterated and the bloom of youth imitated; who is in a flutter of delight when any one conversant with his weakness is kind enough to mistake him for his own son or the husband of one of his daughters; such a man is an object of both pity and contempt. When age is not accompanied by wisdom, but exhibits only the folly of which man's weakness is capable, it is a hopeless case.

Dirty fops are an especial abomination. Men, young or old, who are at great pains to adorn them-

selves without the most scrupulous regard to cleanliness; who wear many rings upon very indifferently washed fingers; who hang themselves in chains of gold; whose shirt fronts present the greatest variety, at different times, of the most costly jewellery; whose discoloured teeth and ill-brushed hair are a revelation in themselves,—such men only make their defect the more conspicuous by the decorations with which they overlay it. It is related of a *grande dame* who was remarkable for her wit and beauty, that she rejected a man of considerable note in the world, as well as an 'exquisite' of his day, and who was one of her most devoted admirers, for no other reason than that she saw ensconced between his teeth, when he made his appearance at breakfast, a piece of spinach which she had noticed the evening before. It is impossible for any one, whether man, woman, or child, to be too particular about cleanliness of person and of habits. In these days, when there are such facilities for washing, and when all appliances are so easy of attainment, it is perfectly inexcusable in any one to fail in cleanliness; and of all people, the fop, who professes to make his person his study, is the most inexcusable if he neglect the fundamental principle of dandyism, which is, in fact, its chief, if not its only recommendation.

It has been said that the youth who is not more or less a dandy, will grow into an untidy, slovenly man. There may be some truth in this. Indeed, we should be sorry to see any young man altogether indifferent about his personal appearance. It is not that which offends. It is rather the excess to which it is carried; when self becomes the all-absorbing subject upon which thought, time, and labour are spent; when it degenerates into foppery, into an effeminacy, into a certain listlessness, helplessness, and affectation which are unworthy of a man. It is finicalness of dandyism, and not its neatness and cleanliness, that we quarrel with, on the principle that whatever detracts from manliness is unworthy of a man.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

THE art of reviewing works of human skill and industry with the least possible amount of trouble to the critic would make a curious treatise, and perhaps add a new chapter to the 'Curiosities of Literature.' To cut up a book without cutting its pages; to notice a new play without seeing it; to criticise an opera without a knowledge of thorough bass, or even, perhaps, of music, would, no doubt, be excellent practice for the imagination and the display of ingenuity, but by no means conducive to the purity of those laws which are supposed to govern the republic of letters, though the system has been tried before now; and if this short article were an essay upon criticism instead of a brief criticism upon the pictorial essays of female artists, we might be able to give our readers more than one illustration of the—shall we say—'gay science' of re-viewing without viewing at all! Indeed, the experiment of importing the semblance of truth to mere guess-work has its temptations; and at this moment it were quite possible to write a criticism, more or less elaborate, upon the pictures exhibited by the Society of Female Artists without seeing them, in which case it may interest the sceptic to know how such a piece of literary prestidigitation could be accomplished, and nothing more easy when the art is once known. We should commence by a general onslaught on all such minor institutions as that under notice, terming them, in comparison with the great Conservatory Exhibitions of London, the little forcing-frames of the nursery grounds which encourage the precocious sea-kale, or protect the delicate seedling. Then, guided by the catalogue borrowed of some friend, we should select those works for especial praise against which are affixed the highest prices; and after lauding Rosa Bonheur's sketch of 'Doe and Fawns in the Forest of Fontainebleau' as a very safe critical venture, we should go on, trusting to a delicate instinct for feeling in

the dark, to sneer at, condemn, and depreciate all the less pretentious works, interlarding our remarks with certain technical phrases which would at once prove us as speaking *ex cathedra*, but at the same time, careful lest we should seem to forget the dictum that 'art is difficult—criticism easy,' we should ascertain what pictures had been *sold*, and armed with this valuable knowledge, we should sing 'Tō Pōsana' in their praises without stint or limit.

Thus, with only a slight knowledge of the critic's legerdemain, we could write a capital notice; and who would possibly surmise it was inspired and 'thrown off' in the coffee-room of an hotel fifty miles from the great brick-and-mortar and stucco Polypus called London?

All this knowledge, however, of playing the game of speculation, or of a sort of literary blind man's buff, is useless in our especial case, owing to the fact that we regard the Society of Female Artists with sentiments of respect, and from the belief that it is worthy of honest encouragement; more especially when we consider the exclusiveness of the two water-colour societies, who decline to have any more female members, and the slender chances of artists' unknown works finding admittance to the Royal Academy. The Society dates from about 1857, and for the first six years was managed by lady patronesses, but failed for want of healthy organization. On the committee of ladies retiring from the direction, the artists appointed an excellent secretary, and exerted themselves to procure a good gallery, which, thanks to the liberal treatment of the Institute of Architects, they have obtained; they also instituted a class for studying from living models, and raised sufficient funds to make a fresh start. All this is most praiseworthy; and it now only rests with the artists themselves to render, by the nature of the works they exhibit every succeeding year, a fresh record of exertions and of success.

In respect to the works at present

on the walls of the Exhibition, if we take a quiet stroll round the room, beginning at the lowest number, and proceeding leisurely on, we may be able, perhaps, to arrive at a fair conclusion as to their merits in detail, as well as some idea of the Exhibition as a whole.

The first picture that we pause at, No. 28, by Miss C. James, is a very unambitious one, but withal deserves especial remark. It is called 'The Last of the Season,' and consists of a bouquet of chrysanthemums so daintily painted, that we hope its title will, for many a long year to come, only apply to the subject the artist selects, and not to her works. 'The Minster, from Bootham Bar, York' (No. 29), by Miss L. Rayner, is very nearly the best picture in the collection, if not the best of its kind. The light at the end of the street, the perspective, the foreground, and evident painstaking in the entire composition, will well repay a thorough examination. 'Magnolias,' by Miss Lane (No. 41), is very clever; and though, as a rule, flowers are not considered marketable, we confess to an especial pleasure in the portrait-taking of these lovely creations. Sauntering on, we come to No. 43, 'Gorge of Pfeiffers, near Ragatz, in Switzerland,' by Mrs. Marrable, who contributes no less than fifteen pictures to the Exhibition! There is a boldness and decision about the works of this lady very remarkable in an amateur, and she has the good sense and artistic feeling to escape conventionalities, and copy direct from Nature. There is nothing so offensive to true art, nothing so fatal to genius, as the indulgences of *prettinesses* of all sorts; while the boldness to seek Nature, and courage to limn her in all her moods, without fear and without ceremony, is one of the rarest gifts. The rough crag and brawling torrent become too often the smooth cliff and purling stream, just as, in portrait painting, the masterly sketch and vigorous outline is rendered, with a smile of complacency, as the tea-board picture, all finished and decorous. A determination to paint scenery as it is, with no attempt to sublimate it with pretty trickeries,

is especially apparent in the more ambitious of Mrs. Marrable's productions, which we consider a far better augury for her future artistic career than the possession of talents more striking and clap-trappish. The faults most perceptible in the works of this lady are the absence of a delicacy of tints required for distance, the lack of aerial perspective, and a general want of transparency in her colouring where transparency is needed; and also, we should say, a neglect of the minor details of her pictures, which your true artist is as jealous of as the rest of the work. But these are secondary or mechanical faults, which thought, labour, and a love of her art—which latter she evidently possesses—will overcome. 'The Study of a Head' (No. 54), by Mdme. Henriette Brown; 'Streatly Church, from the Thames' (No. 59), by Miss Warren; 'The Knitting Lesson' (No. 81), by Adelaide Burgess; are all deserving of especial notice; while 'Arlington Church, Sussex' (No. 90), by Miss M. Rayner, and 'Monks in Canterbury Crypt' (No. 107), by Miss Louisa Rayner—especially the last for power, colour, and finish—require that they should be thoroughly examined for their proper appreciation. 'Rhododendrons and Azalies' (No. 146), by Florence Peel, must not be passed by; neither must 'Trio de Trabajo' (No. 148), by Agnes Bouvier. The latter, while exhibiting undoubted care in its manipulations, is stiff, and too near an approach to miniature painting. 'Autumn on the Thames, near Mapledurham' (No. 151), by Miss S. S. Warren, for its quiet beauty, harmony of colouring, and sober, tranquil character—all feeling, and no display—is, in our opinion, the gem of the Exhibition, and exhibits one of the rarest qualities in paintings of all descriptions—contentment with the use of a few colours. The great painters were satisfied with a very limited stock of pigments; and in the same way that the giant musicians of the past composed their *chefs-d'œuvre* by the aid of a scale so limited that our bravura singers would shake in their throats to think of it, so, many of the world-famous painters of old employed as

limited a chromatic scale in *their* especial art; but then they knew the exact effect of each pigment, whereas our modern artists are perpetually making compromises in colour, and instead of a good honest red, blue, green, or yellow, will dilute and confuse them into so-called neutral tints, which may, or may not, have existence in Nature. Precision in the use of colour is as needful in painting as precision in the touch of a note in music: in either case indecision is a sure symptom of weakness and want of skill.

'The Brook Side' (No. 190), by Miss Williams; 'Portrait of a Young Lady' (No. 195), by Mrs. Bridell; 'Gloxiana' (No. 200), by Miss Baker; 'In Perthshire' (No. 219)—very charming—by Mrs. J. W. Brown; 'Great Expectations' (No. 225)—the faces admirable—by Miss Emma Brownlow; 'Jehu' (No. 235)—which, if not a copy from, has a promising relish of, the antique—by Miss Jekyll; 'Arab Boy Dancing to his Companions' (No. 238), by Mrs. F. Lee Bridell, are all pictures worthy to arrest the attention; and then we come to 'The Courtship of Sir Charles Grandison' (No. 259), by Miss Claxton, which, in many respects, is so excellent, especially the finish and expression of the faces of the beau and belle, that it is a pity this lady should copy in her drapery and *pose* of the figures the caricatures of Gilray. Let her trust to her own talents and inspiration, and not to the bizarre creations of a bygone school. Next, a word of commendation is justly earned by Miss Warren (No. 279), for her picture of the 'Thames at Isleworth;' and so also are the following deserving of special notice, though, of course, in the limited space assigned to a critique in the pages of a monthly periodical, it is impossible to enter into the details of the subject:—they are, 'Pæony, etc.' (No. 281), by Miss Charlotte James; 'A Quiet Nook on the Thames' (No. 282), by Miss S. S. Warren; 'Piper and Feathers' (No. 299), by J. D.; 'Study of a Negress' (No. 339), by Mrs. F. Lee Bridell; and 'Counting the Stitches' (No. 348), by Ellen Partridge.

If artists—men and women—will only learn to courageously view even their shortcomings as stepping-stones to better achievements, much may be expected from the art workshops of the world; and we would wager the humble and patient against those with more striking, nay, with more brilliant, attributes (supposing each is commencing a career), if to the former is given a power to self-criticise, and judgment to tell them what they should leave unattempted. This latter knowledge would have prevented Miss Emma Cooper (No. 268) introducing a snail into her picture, or, at all events, such a snail! Delicate elaboration, and lavish expenditure of time and patience, are the first requisites for depicting 'still life,' as so wonderfully illustrated by the minor accessories in the great Dutch masters, such as the flies, spiders, snails, butterflies, and drops of water of Van Os, Van Huysum, Rachael Ruysch, Casteel, and even our own countryman Luke Cradock. Upon the same principle permit us to ask Miss E. Brownlow (No. 212) why, if she paints toy ducks (in the foreground, too!), she does not also favour us with the little loadstone rod to attract them, and dish or basin to swim in? Then again, self-criticism would have prevented Miss L. Swift (No. 187) painting satin with clay, not colour; and would have thrown a little air and distance into the backgrounds of Nos. 170, 197, and 200, by Mesdames Seymour, Bridell, and Baker, each work possessing merit, especially the latter!

As a whole, it is impossible to deny that the collection is a poor one, and that the majority of the works exhibited lack dignity, power, and imagination; while not a single production can be said to be inspired by genius. Possibly the only picture in the gallery which has any pretension at all to rank under this title is Miss Jekyll's 'Jehu;' but it is impossible to judge by a single specimen of this lady's talents, or to say if she illustrates Goethe's dictum, that 'there are many echoes, but few voices,' and whether the picture we allude to is a copy, a bit out of some

ceiling, perhaps, or the expression of her own thought.

But *nil desperandum* should be the Society's motto, for at least it boasts of a large amount of individual industry; and labour in every calling,

Carlyle has taught us in eloquence incontrovertible, is noble, and ennobling even in failure, for failures are often the pioneers to success, by warning us from the paths we ought not to take.

MR. FAIRWEATHER'S YACHTING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'YACHTING ROUND THE WEST OF ENGLAND.'

CHAPTER II.

MY FIRST YACHT.

ALTHOUGH my experience of yachting had been up to the present time so limited, many of my original ideas on the subject were already changed. Among other mistakes, one I had laboured under was with regard to the character of sailors. I had always looked upon the crew of a vessel as a company of generous, congenial spirits, whose faults mainly consisted of too great a contempt of danger and too strong a tendency to jollification. I could not have imagined that the petty cares and jealousies of shore could exist among the free waves and fresh breezes of the sea. Yet such I found was the case. Brown, the captain, was perpetually complaining to me about James, the crew, and he in turn revenged himself by making friends with Simpkins, the maid, and confiding his misgivings about the captain in a quarter where he knew they would be repeated with additions. James had been in the navy, Brown in the merchant marine, and they fought as though the destinies of the rival services depended upon their personal exertions. If James asserted that the British navy were the finest body of men in the world, and could do anything on sea or land, Brown maintained that they were the refuse of the population that nothing could be made of on shore, and still less at sea. If James said they had four good things in the navy, bread, chocolate, rum, and tobacco, Brown observed

that he did not care for any of them; give him the good roast beef. They also differed as to the proper cut of a pair of trousers, which, as sailors often have to make their own, occasioned a greater misunderstanding between them than might have been anticipated. As to the boy Harry, he was always in the wrong; both were agreed on that, and he enjoyed the reputation of a domestic cat, who is looked upon as the cause of every catastrophe and misadventure. Dickens has ably portrayed the miseries of quarrelling in a cart, but they were nothing in comparison with contending over a red-hot stove in a fore-castle where there was not even room to stand upright.

Another point on which I had been in error related to fishing. I had supposed that having a vessel provided with nets and lines, I should, in the course of my excursions, take a considerable quantity of fish, and had even given some of my friends reason to hope for an occasional present. But I found that fishing was a distinct occupation from yachting; it necessitated remaining almost stationary for hours and days, and in the most distant and inconvenient localities. It also destroyed the neat appearance of the deck and rails, and, in a word, occasioned so much outlay and loss of time that it would have been cheaper to buy flounders at half a guinea each than to catch them in our own net. We once or twice attempted line fishing, but

even in this there was generally too much or too little way on the vessel to render it successful.

The Zephyrina was not a smart-looking craft. She was undermasted, which always gives a dumpy appearance. In lamenting and consulting over this unfortunate circumstance with the captain, he suggested that it might be partly remedied by substituting a taller topmast; for to have altered the mainmast would have been to have renewed all the sails and rigging. So the captain obtained a very long 'stick,' and had a large new sail made for it, but it did not produce the anticipated effect; on the contrary, it attracted more attention to the lower mast and mainsail, and made it look still more insignificant and dingy.

This improvement was carried out shortly before we started on our next expedition; and my opinion as to its success was formed from the extremity of Southend pier while awaiting the boat which was to convey me on board. The large top-sail, however, had a decidedly beneficial effect upon our speed, for we soon passed the Nore lightship, and were passing Sheppey in the direction of Margate. The north coast of this island was loftier and more picturesque than I had imagined, and even reminded me of some parts of North Devon. It was moulded into grassy terraces and slopes, and in some places luxuriant trees crowned the heights or descended the ravines to the water's edge. Sheppey was once held in higher estimation than it is at present when good Queen Sexburga founded a nunnery upon it in 670—some portions of which still remain—and, indeed, all these coasts of Kent would be considered highly interesting from their Saxon associations had they not become too familiar to us, owing to their vicinity to the metropolis.

The wind had changed before we could reach Margate, and we were obliged to put about and make for Sheerness and Rochester. The coast shelves away very gradually along the Isle of Grain, and we had consequently—for the wind was fresh

—to encounter a considerable amount of 'lumpy' water. We passed a very strange-looking cutter on our way, a pay boat 130 years old; but as we approached Sheerness we could have imagined that we had obtained the golden branch of the Sibyl, and were sailing across the Styx into the shadowy realms below. On either hand rose the monarchs of the seas of bygone ages—mighty warriors silent and motionless, lying grimly side by side, as in funereal state. All were peaceful now as the gallant hearts who once bore them to victory. Here may they rest in honour, and inspire future generations to emulate the glories of the past!

We anchored under the old castle of Rochester; and, although the Norman conqueror had left here the most conspicuous mark of his dominion, we found interesting traces of the Saxon in the very name of the city, which is derived from the camp of Hrof. King Ethelbert also built, in 597, a Christian church here, founded a monastery for secular priests, and established a bishop's see. We spent the night at an hotel kept by a lieutenant in the navy, an ancient house commanding a fine view of the castle and cathedral, and as the wind was still unfavourable, determined next morning upon rowing up the Medway, for which we had a fine day and a fair breeze. James and myself were the oarsmen on this occasion, and as the boat was light we soon passed the lower part of the river, which is disfigured with store-houses and cement works, and entered a smiling country where luxuriant trees and well-kept lawns bespoke the presence of wealth and taste. After passing under the picturesque old bridge of Aylesford, near which Vortigern and Hengist are supposed to have fought their first great battle, the scenery of the 'smooth Medway' became more beautiful. The banks were ennobled with magnificent trees, varied here and there by some ivymantled remnant of the past, or by some ornamental villa, whose bright parterres extended to the water's edge, and crimsoned the

silver flood. We disembarked at Allington Castle, which stands in a solitary position on the left side of the river. Making our way through the tall loosestrife which fringed the water with its purple flowers, we gained the precincts of the ruin. It is of considerable extent, and in fair preservation. Nature has cherished what man has abandoned, has spread her leafy arms around it, and embosomed its crumbling walls in the emblem of immortality. On the south a large tower rears its shattered crest, and is supposed to have formed part of the earlier building. Allington derived its name from the Saxon *Ælinges*, and was granted by the Conqueror to William de Warenne. It then passed through a family of the same name as the place to Sir Stephen de Penchester, who obtained license in the reign of Henry III. to fortify and embattle his castle here. But it derives its principal celebrity from the Wyatts, into whose possession it first came in the reign of Henry VII. The son of Sir Henry, the first possessor, became a remarkable man from his great talents and personal attractions. He is mentioned by Surrey as a model of virtue, wisdom, beauty, strength, and courage. He seems to have spent much of his time at this castle, which, as we may see by the remains of Tudor architecture, he greatly enlarged and embellished. In one of his poems he thus refers to his life here—

'This maketh me at home to hunt and hawk,
And in foul weather at my book to sit,
In frost and snow then with my bow to stalk,
No man doth mark whereso I bide or go,
In lusty leas in liberty I walk,
And of these news I feel nor weal nor woe.'

There were some whisperings that he had formed an attachment with Anne Boleyn, but they were probably merely the suggestions of envy, as he was a great favourite with Henry VIII. His son, unfortunately for himself, did not inherit his father's peaceful and philosophic temperament. Sir Thomas was a man of enterprise, and took a warm interest in the religious and political movements of the day. His party were highly incensed at the conduct of Queen Mary, and on hearing of

the proposed alliance with Philip of Spain, he, while others were mostly hesitating and concealing their disaffection, openly raised the standard of revolt. He was supported by the greater part of Kent, and at first met with so much success, that he advanced upon London and demanded of the Queen to give up the Spanish marriage and put the Tower into his hands. But the royal party in the city were by this time in arms; Sir Thomas Wyatt's followers began to desert; and he was finally defeated and made prisoner near Temple Bar. He behaved himself nobly in his misfortunes; and it was owing to his protesting to the last on the scaffold the innocence of the Princess Elizabeth that she was released from imprisonment. He was beheaded at the Tower, and his head, after it had been cut off, was, in accordance with the barbarity of the times, exhibited on a gallows on Hay Hill. The people in the neighbourhood of Allington account for the present desolation of the place by asserting that all the inhabitants followed Sir Thomas Wyatt to London, and never afterwards returned.

We reached town by the evening train, having left directions with the captain to proceed with the yacht to Ramsgate. Our excursions had not, up to the present time, been very considerable; but we determined to crown the season by a voyage to the coast of France. A fine autumnal morning, about a fortnight afterwards, saw us whirling over the rails through the garden of Kent, and admiring the busy, picturesque scene presented on all sides by the hop-gatherers at work. We reached Ramsgate at one, and hoped to have been under way immediately; but no such good fortune awaited us. We found the Zephyrina lying at the highest part of the dock, and as the tide was not high she was not afloat; and even had she been we were informed that she could not have left as the dock-gates were not open. They said that in the course of half an hour these difficulties would be removed. Vain hope! Scarcely anything was prepared. The vessel, having no papers, had

to be measured before leaving, to fix the amount of the harbour dues, and the official upon whom this duty devolved was away upon some other business. After a long delay he arrived with his chains and satisfied himself as to her burden, enabling us to calculate the amount due, at the rate of sixpence a ton. But all was not yet over; the money was not to be paid in that off-hand manner and the affair settled. We must wait upon the harbour-master, who was for the moment engaged, then call at the custom-house, then return to the harbour-master, and then mount again up two flights of stairs to the custom-house. I was tired out and almost in despair before we started, which was not until four o'clock. The day was now somewhat far advanced and began to look a little unsettled to the west, but as there was a favourable N.W. breeze we determined to proceed. A slight squall came on just as we emerged from the harbour, which a little discomposed my wife, but it soon passed, and by the time we were half across Pegwell Bay the weather was as fine as could have been desired. This bay, which for many of us possesses so little of interest, and is now becoming gradually filled up with sand, has witnessed some of the most remarkable scenes in the English history. Hengist and Horsa, with their fierce, rude followers, were borne across its waves to Ebbsfleet, which once stood on its shore, and at the same place landed St. Augustine and his monks, and formed a procession to meet King Ethelbert, bearing before them a picture of a crucified Saviour and singing Gregorian chants.

For some time the white cliffs of Ramsgate and the North Foreland, lit up by the sun's rays, formed beautiful objects in our wake, but by degrees we began to lose them, and to distinguish Deal more clearly lying along the lowland on the farther side of the bay. Sandown Castle—a massive tower rising grandly from the water's edge, at the nearer extremity of the town—was, from this point, the principal feature in the view. This fine old pile will be a great loss to Deal,

for I hear it is in course of demolition for the purpose of constructing a harbour. The water in which we anchored, and which extends for some miles, was remarkably calm, and is commonly known as the 'Downs,' a term derived from the Saxon 'dunes,' and applied to this channel as being sheltered by hills or shoals of sand. These—the Goodwins—extend north and south for about ten miles parallel with the coast, and are supposed once to have formed an island, 'Lomia,' belonging to Earl Godwin, and to have been overwhelmed about the year 1100.

It was seven when we landed at Deal. We were much pleased with the picturesque irregularity of the town, and the brightness of the fine pebbly beach, although the length and steepness of the ridge rendered it difficult for some of our party to scramble to its summit. But we accomplished the feat, and our baggage was distributed among a tribe of little boys, who followed us in a long train to the hotel with un concealed wonderment and admiration.

The evening had been broken by clouds and had a wild appearance. As we had sailed along we had marked the warning 'drums' hoisted along the coast, but the seamen paid little attention to them. Towards night the sky cleared, and the view from our windows over the placid sea, studded with the lights of innumerable ships at anchor, as far as the Goodwins' revolving light, was peaceful and beautiful. The distant horizon was occasionally lighted up by a flash of lightning, but this seemed to occasion no uneasiness, and ladies and gentlemen were parading up and down on the esplanade until past ten o'clock.

Next morning we rose at seven. The weather was lovely; and I went out in the highest spirits to consult the captain about leaving. He was on board, not expecting me so early, so that I was obliged to hire a boat.

'Fine morning,' I observed, addressing one of the seamen on the shore. 'How is the wind for France?'

'Fair, sir—west by north.'
 'I want a boat to be put over to that vessel. Have you one?'
 'Yes, sir. Which vessel?'
 'The cutter close to us.'
 'All right, sir. This way if you please.'
 'How much will it be?' I inquired; having paid half-a-crown for coming ashore.
 'A sovereign, sir.'
 'A sovereign?' I repeated, in astonishment.
 'Yes, sir.'
 I turned away in disgust. He observed my movement.
 'Well, sir, I'll do it for ten shillings.'

The man tried to follow me about, demanding, 'Didn't I want a boat?' but I soon quickened my pace, and left the impostor to his own conscience. I hear that half-a-sovereign is not an unusual amount for Thames watermen to charge foreigners for landing them on their arrival in England.

We weighed anchor at ten, and steered in the direction of the South Sand light, threading our way through the innumerable vessels which lay around. The Downs is a favourite roadstead, being [protected on nearly every point of the compass, but the reason it is generally so crowded is that in this part the tide runs nine hours up the Channel and only three down, so that vessels outward bound prefer waiting here for a change should the wind be contrary. All nations seemed to be here collected together—Norwegians, Dutch, Americans, and others, and yet all were easily distinguishable from one another by the different build of their ships. Our attention was attracted by a considerable number of French fishing-boats lying at anchor. They were three-masted luggers, and not cutters or 'smacks' such as are used in England. They are more weatherly boats than ours, and sail closer to the wind, but require more hands to manage them. We observed that almost every one bore on its stern the name and effigy of some tutelary saint. Southern seamen have always recognized their dependence upon a higher power even before St. Paul

set sail from Alexandria in a ship whose sign was Castor and Pollux.

The wind freshened as we advanced, and passing Walmer, half concealed by its luxuriant foliage, we opened Dover Castle, and the long line of the white cliffs whence Albion derives its name. We were now making good way, but as the breeze blew more and more free, the sea began to rise into white crests, and to treat us and our little bark in a most undignified and disagreeable manner. It appeared as though old Neptune were ridiculing our pretensions, and had resolved to show his power and make us repent of our temerity.

As we were thus progressing, 'carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep,' we heartily congratulated ourselves when we found that we were approaching the entrance of Calais harbour; for although the sea was higher than ever, we began to look forward to a termination of our airy career. Our dismay was proportionably great when, within about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and in the very worst of the 'lop,' the captain unceremoniously brought the vessel 'up,' and informed us that, as he was unacquainted with the port, it would be desirable to wait there for a pilot. Nothing resembling a pilot-boat was to be seen, and we were beginning to give ourselves up to despair, when, most opportunely, a three-masted French lugger came in sight, and Brown, who was a man of resources, determined upon following in her wake, adopting the bright idea of the Irish navigator, who sailed in this way to 'Bingal,' instead of to 'Fingal.' In our case the plan succeeded admirably; we rounded the pier safely, and sailed into smooth water. Just as we were clear of our difficulties, an unwieldy old boat, with two men in it, pulled alongside, and before we could ask any questions, one of them sprang like a cat over our bulwarks upon the deck, and commenced a wild unintelligible harangue, accompanied with violent gesticulations. I at first supposed that he was come with some authority, or was warning us against some

unseen danger; but his manner seemed quite opposed to such an idea, and, indeed, he did not appear to have any definite object in view. 'What does he want?' I exclaimed, thoroughly mystified and somewhat alarmed.

'Well, sir,' replied Brown, whose natural shrewdness compensated for his want of book knowledge. 'Well, sir, I think he wants—to be employed; and perhaps we had better take him, as, although he cannot do us much good, he may otherwise do us some harm.'

'Much good' he certainly did not do, for we did not understand anything he said. Brown had been in so many countries, and had learned so many languages, that he could not remember one of them, and the only word which he and the pilot seemed to have in common was 'provo,' which was occasionally exchanged with mysterious signs and looks, as if it had some deep signification. On one point, however, the intruder made himself thoroughly understood, and that was, that five francs were not sufficient for his services, but that he must have six.

Scarcely had we settled ourselves in the saloon, and were exploring the recesses of our Yorkshire pie, when a new commotion was heard on deck, and the captain came down to inform us that the custom-house officers had arrived. Six stalwart seamen, in the government uniform, presented a somewhat formidable appearance; but their manner was not so alarming as their aspect, for they merely asked if the yacht belonged to any 'société,' and whether I had any papers. Having been answered in the negative, they made some irrelevant observations, but did not prepare to make any examination, nor to return to their boat. Such was the state of matters, when it occurred to me that our mutual embarrassment might be removed by a timely libation. My conjecture proved correct, for on proposing that they should come below and try the quality of our sherry, they took off their hats, and accepted the invitation with great alacrity. What-

ever may be said to the contrary, the French are naturally a good-natured people. They seemed to approve of the wine, for they filled up again without much pressing, and repeated, with genial smiles as they drained their glasses, 'Anglais, vary goot.' When the bottle was finished, they withdrew with polite bows, and re-embarked in their boat, leaving with us a very favourable impression of French custom-house officers.

As we intended to stay several days in Calais, we determined upon removing to a hotel, for, not to mention minor inconveniences on board, there were several leaks in the deck; one, especially, just over my berth of so insidious a nature that no ingenuity could detect its origin. I had some faint recollection, even at such a distance of time, of Quillac's hotel, as of a large gloomy building in which the one or two visitors might be discovered in vain endeavouring to find their rooms, but now I heard that this house existed no longer, or rather, that M. Dessin had taken it, his own having been converted into a museum. Quillac's establishment had probably died of atrophy, and Dessin's hotel had been very appropriately consecrated to the Muses, inasmuch as Scott had meditated within its walls, and Sterne had met with delightful misfortunes in its *remise*. Some porters were soon found to assist our men in carrying up our baggage, and we marched in an irregular procession to our destination.

With what an air of romance and mystery did the mode of our arrival invest the good city of Calais. One would have supposed that it had been one of the least known places in the habitable globe; and, indeed, the tall houses, the long windows, and the thin people had a certain charm of novelty for me, for I had not been in France since I was a boy in jackets. As a zealous student and disciple of the 'Times,' and having read therein that there was as much worth seeing in the British Isles as in any other part of the world, I had ever piously turned my autumnal footsteps in the direction of our own

salubrious watering places. But what surprised me most—and I should think a similar impression must be made upon all visiting a foreign land for the first time—was, that every person we met with, instead of speaking plain English like other people, insisted on talking some unintelligible jargon. The Greeks, who considered the Egyptian priestesses to be a kind of pigeons, would certainly have described this as a community of daws and magpies.

Next day we proceeded to take a general view of the town. The shops were, with very few exceptions, divided into two classes—one devoted to the sale of 'liquides,' the other to that of confectionery. Arethusa was quite wild with delight at the brilliancy of the latter—a child who had considered all sub-lunary happiness to culminate in the enjoyment of barley sugar or raspberry drops—felt almost bewildered among such transparent colours, such magical devices; and she doubted whether even Cinderella, in her glass slippers, had seen anything half so enchanting. We accordingly entered one of these establishments to purchase some of the tempting sweetmeats. Down the centre of it was a long table laid out with a row of jars of preserves, half eaten, and in one of them stood a large wooden spoon, with which customers were wont to go through the confections in order, before making their choice. The shopman requested me to proceed. I looked with some misgivings at the proffered spoon, but Arethusa seemed to have no such scruples, and went through the ordeal very creditably, though not, I regret to say, without ulterior consequences. She finally gave the preference to the 'omnibus' preserves, so named because formed of a mixture of all kinds of fruits. We purchased a few pounds of this, and some samphire, which, for pickling, ought to be in more demand than it is at present, although we should scarcely be warranted in risking our necks to obtain it, as people seem to have done in Shakespeare's time. A few doors farther on our attention was attracted by a curious little

tree growing in a pot, at the door of an image—or, to use plain English, an idol-monger's shop. The tree looked like a deformity, for it had a very large round head standing upon a very slender stem. Observing our attention, a sharp little woman came out and informed us that what we were examining was a mignonette tree, and requested us, at the same time, to step in and inspect her stock. As we did not seem inclined to comply, she assured us we need feel no hesitation, as she received large orders from Protestants in England, and had a very choice selection of saints.

But the principal object we had in view was to visit the church, whose massive tower, surmounted by a short steeple, is the first mark by which Calais is recognized from the sea. There was something in the quaint form of this grand old pile—something in the reflection that it was built by the English—that transported us, as we paced its spacious area, to ages long past; to a state of things far different from the present. But the more we endeavour to fill up the picture, to grasp the pleasing vision, the more unsubstantial did it appear; for it is the halo of mystery with which the past is surrounded that lends enchantment to the view. While we were thus vainly endeavouring to conjure up the scenes and evoke the heroes of bygone ages, we found ourselves opposite a large painting representing a warrior rising from the sea on his charger. As the costume did not bespeak a sea divinity, nor had I ever seen one so like a Frenchman, I felt considerably puzzled, and applied for information to an old pensioner who had been pursuing us all over the church, dispelling our illusions by his obtrusive loquacity. 'That, sir,' he replied, 'is the Duke de Guise, who wrested Calais from the English; and he is represented as rising from the water because Calais was then surrounded by the sea.' The fact was that the town was formerly surrounded by marshes, which rendered its defence easy, and was one reason why the English were able to hold it so long. There was

only one approach to it on the land side, and that, between the castles of St. Agatha and Newman Bridge, was protected by a fosse and strongly fortified. It was over-confidence in the natural strength of the place that led to its recovery by the French. After the battle of St. Quentin, Coligny suggested to the Duke de Guise that Calais might be successfully surprised in the winter, at which season the English left there a very small garrison. The fleet was accordingly ordered round, a furious attack made by sea and land, and after eight days the fosse was drained and the town carried by assault.

The puissant Balafre is very naturally a great favourite in Calais; a bust of him has been placed beside that of Richelieu in the Grande Place, and a Guildhall built for the mayor and aldermen of Edward III.—part of which, principally the gateway, still remains—is designated Hôtel de Guise, from his having afterwards occupied it. How much valour and ability was lost in this prince through insatiable and unscrupulous ambition! Had he, in those momentous transactions in which he exercised so great an influence, curbed his haughty and intolerant spirit, he would have escaped the dagger of the assassin and have left a name glorious not only in France but throughout Christendom.

Before returning to our hotel I paid a visit to our 'craft,' which was moored in the harbour near the railway-station. She presented a much neater appearance than when we had left her; the captain had done his best to make her look well; he had stowed away the sails, which were not very ornamental, and hung out the carpet, which was, and which had attracted an assembly of little boys who stood in a line along the quay in mute admiration. He had also hoisted the flag, though at a great sacrifice of personal feeling, for it was nothing more than a plain red whiff. If he had a weakness it was for a good set of colours, and he was constantly enumerating the advantages of belonging to a yacht club, evidently

thinking my not doing so to be a piece of culpable negligence. But the fact was that I was not sufficiently familiar with yachting affairs to decide whether it would be desirable for me to belong to a club; nor was I acquainted with any member of one to whom I would willingly apply. So Brown was obliged to continue in his astonishment, and to hoist the obnoxious and unprivileged whiff.

Our first excursion from Calais was to St. Omer—a distance of about five leagues. We arrived in the afternoon; the day was soft and autumnal, and a sweet sadness or listlessness seemed to pervade the place—a stillness suitable to magnificence in decay. On either side of the street rose those palatial buildings which, from their size, are in France designated 'hotels,' but in most of them there was as little sign of life as among the ruins of Thebes. Of many, the gates appeared to have been closed for ages; of some, the side-door was half open, revealing stately quadrangles, deserted and decaying; one was still occupied as a convent; while, through the portals of a very few, glimpses were obtained of bright flowers arranged in those prim and gaudy masses which the French so much admire. The only movement visible in the town was along the canal which winds through it, and down which barges were constantly passing, so quaint and Dutch-looking in build, and so bedizened with colours, that we could almost fancy ourselves in Holland. The cathedral is an ancient and magnificent building, containing altars rich with gold paintings and sculpture. In going through it we found on the left side a huge stone sarcophagus, over which was a notice purporting that it contained the bones of some great saint with an unpronounceable Dutch name, by means of the thank-offerings for whose miraculous cures this cathedral had been originally founded. From this we visited the ruins which had once formed part of a still grander edifice—that of the abbey church of St. Bertin, destroyed in the Revolution under the Directory. Over the gateway

the inscription was still legible, 'Sanctum Divi Bertini templum castè memento ingredi;' but of this once splendid building nothing now remains but the gigantic tower and a few pinnacles. It was the favourite church of the learned Alban Butler, who wrote 'The Lives of the Saints,' and lived in this town as President of the English College. This establishment exists no longer, but was remarkable as the place in which Daniel O'Connell received his education for the priesthood.

The pure air and the exercise which these investigations necessitated, began in time to produce a beneficial effect on our appetites, and we directed our steps towards the principal street. This—the Rue de Commandant, for St. Omer is fortified—we traversed with no satisfactory result; but found accommodation at an unpretentious inn in a less fashionable quarter. It was named the 'Hôtel de Commerce;' but how different was it from an English commercial hotel. True, everything was plain and simple to a degree; the room into which we were shown had a round straw mat in the place of a carpet, and its only ornaments, if such they could be called, consisted of rows of pears, ranged very regularly on shelves along the wall. But its neatness and cleanliness could not be surpassed. Here was no dubious tablecloth, no waiter wiping your plate with his pocket-handkerchief; the linen was spotless as the driven snow, and the glass sparkled like Alpine crystal. The dinner, which was served by the landlady and her assistant, in their prim white caps, consisted of seven excellent courses, the whole charges for four persons, including a bottle of St. Julien, was only ten francs.

Our next expedition was to Watten, where we visited the ancient convent, and again met with Dutch-looking barges of all kinds and sizes; from the Express boat for Dunkerque, gliding along merrily behind a pair of horses and a huge postillion, to the torpid craft of

burden, whose snail-like progress depended on the exertions of one man, and was towed by a line attached to the top of a flexible rod set upright like a mast. We found that in this, as well as in our succeeding excursions, our best plan was to make an early breakfast before starting, and to return at night to Calais, as we could not usually obtain good accommodation elsewhere. There, in our hotel, everything was not only comfortable, but luxurious. The dinners were first-rate, and we were especially pleased with the waitress who attended us, who was one of the neatest and most willing of serving-women. She was dressed in the costume of the peasantry, and was a remarkably fine specimen of a Frenchwoman—tall and well-grown, and of such proportions as are best suited to activity and strength. She seemed to be made of sterner stuff than English women generally are, and wanted that softness which we so much admire; but her features were regular; her complexion, though toned, was clear and unsullied, and her countenance was of that heroic cast of which French sculptors are so fond, and which imparts sublimity to statues of Freedom. We heard that she was not in good health, and, although she never complained, we were concerned to see her working so incessantly, and carrying such heavy burdens. But what struck me as most remarkable about her was, that she refused to accept money. Arethusa's light heart and foot occasioned many little domestic misfortunes, and, I regret to say, much unnecessary work; but on my wife's offering Louise—for such was her name—some compensation, she only laughed, said she would receive nothing, and that it was a pleasure to do anything for 'mademoiselle.' Such conduct was to me most unaccountable. I had never before met with any person who refused an offer of money, except one poor woman who had shortly afterwards to be placed in a lunatic asylum.

(To be continued.)

LES JEUX ATHLETIQUES.

'WHEN you get to St. Malo, don't go there, but to St. Servan.'

These directions may appear paradoxical to the uninitiated, but I took the advice that was given me, and found it sound and good. You see, St. Malo proper, the quaint old city within the walls, the old-fashioned place with the five-story gabled houses, and narrow streets, rivals that other fair city of Cologne in one and particular. There are strange, unnatural, choleraic smells about the place; and though it is allowable to put your handkerchief up to your nose when you thread its labyrinthine mazes by day, it is quite impossible to keep your bedroom window open by night.

St. Malo is built on a peninsula, and is separated from the Anglicized suburb of St. Servan by the narrowest possible strip of land. The St. Servan houses are washed by the sea; the St. Servan streets, though odoriferous at times, have not the everlasting odour which clings to the St. Malo alleys. St. Servan boasts of society and leads the fashion; and, what was by far the most consequence to me, St. Servan numbers amongst its hotels one of the cheeriest little places I have ever had the luck to fall across, kept by as charming and good-natured an English lady as I have ever met.

'Mind you go to Mrs. C——'s hotel; and, remember, don't be persuaded into putting up at St. Malo,' said my Mentor; or rather, to be accurate, the wife of my Mentor, as we three—what a pleasant party it was!—sat eating bread and honey among the carnations, that grew in profusion in the little old Frenchwoman's garden overlooking Rozel Bay in the Island of Jersey.

Mentor *et sa femme* were passing through Jersey on their way home from France. I was to start next morning, in a fishing-boat, to be landed somewhere or other on the coast of France; but where I did not precisely know or care. My friends made me die with laughing at their description of the various folks I

should find at Mrs. C——'s. They primed me with chaff to fire at the hypochondriacal Indian civil servant, as hale and hearty, and as jolly a fellow as could be found, who had a *penchant* for tartlets and other toothsome dainties, and a fixed idea that his liver was so diseased that he was a doomed man. They told me of Madame and Madame's 'chat,' who was invariably getting lost or eaten or boiled; of the fussy 'notaire' who dined at the table d'hôte every day, and touted to let or sell the Villa Cuba, on whose merits he expatiated so loudly and persistently, that he made Mr. Brian Boru, an honest, plain-spoken Irishman, relieve himself of such a volley of invectives, in English asides, that we were all in an agony of fear lest the 'notaire' had not, by chance, on his travels picked up a word or so of our mother tongue. They told me of the Colonel and the Colonel's child, with a face like one of Raphael's angels; in fact, they told me so much, and so far excited my curiosity, that when at last I got to St. Malo I did go to St. Servan.

'I don't know where I'm to put you, sir,' were Mrs. C——'s first words. 'We are perfectly full.'

I protested I had come all the way to St. Servan on purpose to put up at Mrs. C——'s. 'Had she the heart to turn me out?'

'Would you mind an attic?'

'Not in the least.'

And so I went to the attic, the airiest and best bedroom by far in the house as it turned out. The window looked out upon the sea, and when I opened it at night the pleasant booming of the water on the rocks below lulled me comfortably to sleep.

I had not been in St. Servan half an hour before I met, most unexpectedly, one of my most intimate friends. There were a few minutes to spare before table d'hôte, so I took myself off to inspect the ferry, which I had been told was the nearest and by far the most convenient way to St. Malo. A boat full of passengers had just arrived at the steps. One

by one I watched the passengers disembark. A handsome St. Bernard dog first attracted my attention. He had something in his mouth. Where had I seen that dog before? Not in the Regent's Park! Up the steps came the owner, there was no doubt of that. Boating shoes, thick-set frame, general get-up most decidedly English! Pot-hat! Kingston ribbon! Could it be possible! Of course!

It was the Captain!

There was a wild yell of recognition on both sides which made poor Alphonse stare. He was not accustomed to such a burst of enthusiasm from the lips of any Englishman.

The Captain (I will call him so for the future, seeing that he led our little English company at St. Malo) had been at St. Servan for some weeks, and he meditated staying some weeks longer. He was there with his 'people,' he said, and was reading very hard. I knew very well what that meant. I have been acquainted with the Captain for some years now, and he is always reading very hard. To the best of my knowledge, however, I have never seen him with a book in his hand. I have called for him at his chambers scores of times, and never found him at home. Five minutes' conversation with the Captain told me his exact position at St. Servan. Gifted as he was—singularly gifted, I may say—in the art of hitting a sixer to leg, rowing stroke in a four oar, running a two-mile race, playing a game at billiards, swimming round the Fort, dancing till any hour in the morning, and singing and playing with sympathy, consummate taste and skill, my friend the Captain was evidently an acquisition at St. Servan. He was looked up to and quoted as an authority by the little band of university men, public school boys, barristers, officers, civil servants *cum multis aliis* who happened to be in St. Servan or St. Malo; and as to the women—well, they hung about the piano and insisted on the most perfect silence when he sung German *Lieder* in his sweet persuasive voice, and were invariably talking about

and quoting 'the young tutor and his dog.' How they got hold of that notion about the tutor I can't conceive. He was no more a tutor than I was; but they stuck to their original notion, and in a few days talked of me as the 'tutor's friend.'

'I say, old boy, look here,' said the Captain, seizing me by the arm, and half dragging me across the street. 'Do you see that blue bill? Read it, and tell me what you think of it.'

I read the heading, which was as follows:—

'Jeux Athlétiques d'Amateurs,
À la Caserne de St. Servan,
Par permission de M. le Colonel du 75 Régiment
d'Infanterie.
14 Août, 1863.'

Then followed the list of sports and the names of the committee and stewards. The Captain was the hon. sec.

'Athletic sports,' said I; 'that will be no end of fun. But I had no idea that there were enough English here to get them up or ensure their achieving anything like successes.'

'My dear fellow,' said the Captain, 'these races are creating the most profound excitement. The French officers do nothing but chatter about them; and as to the English girls here, they have behaved in the most plucky manner, and collected every farthing of the money for the prizes. If only to repay their kindness, we must try and make these races go off well.'

'There are some good names in the list of stewards,' said I.

'Oh, yes, there are plenty of well-known Eton, Harrow, and Marlborough men staying here. But what do you think of this?'

He pointed with his finger to the last line of the bill—

'Le Juge—Dalhousie MacGregor, Esq.'

'It's our only fictitious name,' he said; 'and I thought I'd get a good one while I was about it.'

The captain would not hear of my leaving France in three days' time, as I had originally intended. So, bribed with the pleasant prospect of lots of dances, pic-nics, croquet parties, fascinating acquaintances, and, above

all, the famous 'Jeux Athlétiques,' I ultimately gave way, and promised to stay a little longer.

'You must come to dinner with us to-night, at any rate,' said the Captain, 'and go to the Casino afterwards. They are going to play Offenbach's "Lisben et Frischen" this evening. You remember the Alsatian duet in it, of course, that we used to rave about at poor old Billy's Friday evenings? Why did the old monster go and live down at Benlah Spa, of all places in the world, burying himself amongst early Christians, tormented for everlasting—and serve him right—with invitations to buttered toast and prayers. After the operetta there will be a swell dance. You've got your dress clothes, I hope?'

By the luckiest accident in the world I had brought my dress clothes; so I repaired to Mrs. C——'s, not to table d'hôte, as she fondly imagined, but to tell her that I had found a friend, and wanted a latch-key! I did more than this, for I persuaded the dyspeptic civil servant to come on to the Casino in the evening, much to the horror of his wife and the other ladies, who drank tea to an alarming extent after table d'hôte, and went to bed regularly at half-past nine every evening. I think they thought me a sad reprobate, but that is no matter. We were all very good friends, and I was a capital excuse on more than one occasion for the male portion of the community. The tea-table, you know, was all very well in its way. I thought it particularly delightful when one of the prettiest, most *piquante* little French girls imaginable took me into a corner and made me teach her English; but my fascinating friend would go back with her sister-in-law to Paris; whereupon I plunged into reckless dissipation, and dragged off all the respectable married men to the Casino, Café Chantant, or Café de la Paix, famed for its billiard-tables and *gloria*.

I dined with the Captain and his 'people' according to arrangement. What a treat it was to hear the cheerful ring of friendly voices again, and to talk over adventures

and home, and to get an affectionate greeting after so much loneliness among strangers! After dinner we went to the Casino. The Casino at St. Malo is not a large or imposing building, but it is admirably fitted up, and possessing, as it does, an excellent floor, and being well arranged for dancing, the ball nights are always popular, and attended by the best people of both towns. I was soon friends with Oxford, Eton, Harrow, and Marlborough, and in a very short space of time had been introduced to all the English girls, and danced a long, long waltz with the 'Chic' girl, as they profanely called her there. The 'Chic' girl and I became great friends. She was a mystery, this young lady. There was a sad, melancholy expression about her face, but her eyes always found you out somehow, and I think it is pleasanter to be found out by sad, dreamy eyes like hers, than by flashing, beady ones which dash at you, and very frequently let you go again. I became rapidly—this is a sad failing of mine—very interested in my fair friend, a feeling which was heightened by my unluckily touching, by the purest accident in the world, on the 'lost chord.' Somebody or other had behaved badly to her, there was no doubt of that, for the poor girl's eyes filled with tears. I was intensely sorry for my mistake, but it is pleasant, after all, to find a girl in this nineteenth century with just a little bit of feeling, is it not? As I remarked before, the 'Chic' girl and I became great friends. She said she was so glad I had promised to stay over the races, and then we fell to talking about the Captain, at the mention of whose singing she got actually enthusiastic, and there was just a flash of fire in her melancholy eyes. If I had not been well accustomed to fits like these in other women, under similar circumstances, I do not know how jealous I might not have been; but in this instance the 'green-eyed monster' was put out of the question by her asking me to wear her colours on the great day.

'What might they be?' said I, innocently. She was dressed in the

simplest white, with just a suspicion of black here and there.

'Black and white,' she whispered.

'Noir et blanc,' were my colours on the card.

The Captain had not exaggerated the excitement which these foot races created. A lot of us were standing talking in the ice-room when the Captain was called on one side by a sous-lieutenant of the regiment stationed at St. Servan. The sous-lieutenant was accompanied by a friend. The officer was in uniform, of course. The friend, who was rather a swell in his way, was not. I must describe his costume, '*Le costume du bal.*' Light French grey trousers, high black waistcoat, tail coat elaborately watered-silked, and a tie, oh! such a tie! It was composed of white satin, bow-shaped, with long streaming ends, the edges of the ends being decorated with chocolate-coloured horseshoes! There, what do you think of that for *grande tenue*? He was evidently bent upon making an impression, and he certainly did—upon the English.

'I am the bearer of a message from my brother officers, and the French athletes generally in St. Malo and St. Servan,' said the little officer to the Captain.

The Captain bowed.

'We have determined to beat the English at their own sports, and to win.'

The Captain bowed again, and made some general remark about trusting that the best man would always win.

'We shall win!' said the little officer, getting excited. 'You shall see it, Monsieur le Capitaine, et Messieurs les Anglais sur le champ.'

And then he went off with a half-defiant gesture and a very theatrical flourish. The friend stayed and made himself particularly affable, assuring us that when at school in England he had won several prizes at cricket and birds'-nesting!

We kept it up very late that night at the Casino. The 'Chic' girl danced exquisitely, and the excitement was pleasant to one who had been travelling for some weeks alone.

We had a hard day's work before us on the eve of our athletic festival. A 'course aux haies' had been advertised among the other sports, and not a hurdle was to be got for love or money. They tether all the sheep in that benighted country. At ten o'clock in the morning an impromptu committee meeting was held in the middle of the Grande Rue, St. Servan. Just a suspicion of grumbling was heard, and hints given that nothing would be done, and that *somebody* ought to have thought of the hurdles before. These generalities are not uncommon on such occasions, and the Captain showed he was an old stager by putting a stop to them in very plain and decisive language.

After delivering himself of his mild rebuke, a bright thought came into the Captain's head, and in less than five minutes the committee had purchased two shopful of birch brooms and faggots, and these we carried on our backs through the crowded streets to 'la Caserne.' Time was an object to us, but Alphonse thought us mad. It is a nasty awkward job making ten flights of hurdles out of birch brooms and faggots, but the feat was got over satisfactorily, thanks to a strong public school division which came over from Jersey in expectation of a cricket-match that day. They were disappointed, of course, but they had their revenge by winning nearly all the races. It was irritating, when working like slaves at these hurdles, to find that the French soldiers who happened to be about the barrack-yard, simply stood with their hands in their pockets looking on, smoking cigarettes, sneering, but never so much as offering a helping hand. They should have treated us better, considering two prizes were offered to be competed for by the soldiers alone. The fact was that the soldiers, and, I think the majority of the French people, thought us simply insane, and predicted a dead failure and an absence of all excitement on the morrow. But when, on the following morning, people came flocking into the barrack-yard by hundreds, the French soldiery and people were

stung with a sudden enthusiasm, and behaved thoroughly well. They certainly contributed not a little to the fun of the meeting. A hurdle-race of French soldiers in their heavy baggy trousers, with as much idea of jumping a hurdle as an elephant, was as laughable a sight as I have ever witnessed. They were not content with falling. They somehow entwined their feet in the hurdles, and ran away with them. The running costume of Alphonse—the amateur gentleman Alphonse, I mean—was not bad. Tight groom's trousers, with drab gaiters, high buttoned-up waistcoat with sleeves à la Sam Weller, and a green velvet hunting cap. In this get up Alphonse considered himself invincible. However, we will not laugh, for Alphonse is delighted with athletic sports, and promises if we will get up some more next year that he will be proficient at everything.

The races went off with the greatest spirit, and were a grand success. Alphonse nearly won one race, but he consoled himself after defeat with the reflection that he could hardly be expected to win when his opponent was so very much taller than himself! There was not a hitch all day, and when a prominent member of last year's Westminster eleven jumped 5 feet 4 inches in height, and a Harrow boy ran a mile in 4 minutes 43

seconds, Alphonse shrugged his shoulders, and murmured, 'Sapristi! Sacré Dieu!'

I have mentioned before that the ladies collected the money for the prizes. They did more than this, for they gave the prizes away, and an intelligent observer might have noticed a pretty little arrangement by which each winner received his prize from the hand of—well, this is betraying confidence. Anyhow, there were a good many blushes on both sides. Women do manage these things so uncommonly well. We made the old barrack-yard ring with hearty English cheers before we parted, the loudest of which were for 'The Ladies,' 'The French,' and 'The Captain.' They all deserved them thoroughly, for to them was due all the success of 'Les Jeux Athlétiques.'

One word more. Notwithstanding all our exertions that day—we went madly in for every race, of course—they gave us a ball afterwards. We kept it up until five o'clock. It was a moonlight night, very soft and very clear, and after every round dance two imprudent young people looked out upon the deserted Square from an open French window. The 'Chic' girl said she had never met anybody who talked so strangely. Unhappily, but perhaps luckily for me, I left St. Malo for England at seven o'clock the next morning.

C. W. S.



THE OLD, OLD STORY.

*Sybaris to Lydia.**(Considering what she should inscribe on her Tablets.)*

'Lydia, dic, per oves
Te deos, oro, Sybarin
Cur properas amando.

'Perdure? cur apricum
Oderit campum, patiens
Pulveris atque salsi?

HORACE, 'Ad Lydiam.'

I TAKE not oracles of life
From bounding pulse or writhing vein;
From the arena's dusty strife;
From thought or fancy, joy or pain.
I trust no more the senses five;
My heart demands a subtler sign,
And only then is sure I live
When it can tell me I am thine.

'Tis not to mirrors sought by stealth
I sue for proofs of manly grace;
I do not gather signs of health
From forehead smooth and ruddy face;
I care no more to gauge the swell
Of lungs within a heaving chest;
If my heart tell me all is well—
My heart and thou—I leave the rest.

It is not from the flying leap;
The well-thewed limb of might and length;
The voice, like Stentor's, loud and deep—
'Tis not from these I prove my strength.
I reckon no more of outward show,
Whilst powers unseen to me belong;
Alcides' self might fear a blow
When thy love bids me to be strong.

I do not count my hoarded gold
Till even the growing figures tire;
I reckon not the mines I hold;
The jewels and the stones of fire.
I do not tell my gems of art,
Nor treasures of the land and sea;
I cast out all to fill my heart
With more than Croesus' wealth in thee.

I do not ask the painless day,
The unconscious night and dreamless sleep,
The song, the dance, the shifting play,
The dearer joys that bid me weep—

Not these I ask, in doubtful tone,
If they will deign my life to bless;
Why mock their weakness? thou alone
The secret hast of happiness.

When I would know if cloudless light
And golden weather bless the day;
If gentleness brood o'er the night,
And all but peace is far away:
I do not ask if storms are fled;
If sun or moon is bright the while:
All things are gathered to a head—
I question only, Dost thou smile?

I do not ask my halting mind
If I am witty or am wise;
If I am pitiful or kind;
Or gallant in a thousand eyes.
I reckon not of the world without;
I would not my own judgment prove;
My heart resolves me of my doubt:
I am all these if thou dost love.

With soul as Vestal's fair and pure;
With heart like Sappho's in a flame;
Both in one tender word secure,
Upon thy tablets write my name.
And near it write this burning plea:—
Half of my life is, to be thine;
Trembles the other half with thee—
The other half—that thou art mine!

A. H. G.





From the Painting by Angelica Kauffman

THE OLD, OLD SONG

(See "Symphony to Lydia")

Not then I ask the doubtful hour,
If they will danger my life to bless;
Why mock the weakness? then alone
The sweet light of happiness.

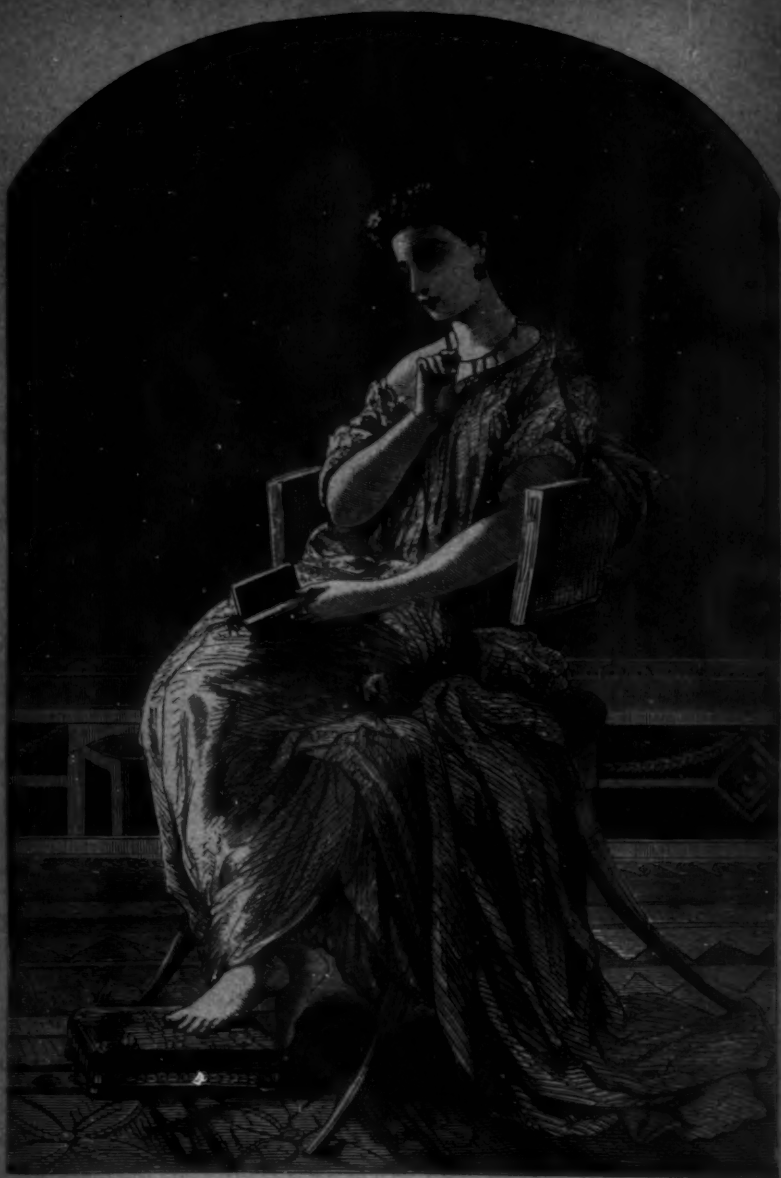
When I would know if cloudless light
And gentle weather bless the day;
If gentle winds o'er the night,
And all our peace is far away;
If all our storms are fled;
If all our joys are bright the while;
All things are gather'd to a head—
I question only, Dost thou smile?

I do not ask my falling mind
If I am witty or am wise;
If I am pitiful or kind,
Or gallant in a thousand eyes.
I seek not of the world without;
I would not my own judgment prove;
Sweet providence me of my doubts
And all my fears shall leave.

When I would know if I am true,
If I am faithful to my love;
If I am true to my own heart,
If I am true to my own soul;
And how to serve the Master,
Half of my life is to be spent
In serving the Master, and the rest
The Master's love shall give me.

A. H. G.





From the Painting by Augustus Bouvier.]

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

[See "Sybaris to Lydia."

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
JOSEPH NEALE
OF THE BOSTON BAR
IN TWO VOLUMES
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A ROMANCE IN A BOARDING HOUSE.

A FEW years ago, on my return from India, I was perplexed where to locate myself for the winter months. I did not at all relish the idea of entering a new house at such an unfavourable season; so my friends advised me to board somewhere till the spring of the coming year, and in the mean time I could look about me, and arrange my future plans. I resolved to follow this advice, and it was even suggested to my mind, that if I found this style of living agreeable, I might continue it for the whole year that must elapse before my husband joined me, in preference to burdening myself, while alone, with the responsibility of a house of my own.

According to further instructions from obliging friends, I caused an advertisement to be inserted in the 'Times,' to the effect 'That a lady just returned from India required board and residence, where she would have pleasant and select society, and a comfortable home, in return for liberal remuneration.'

I was positively inundated with answers. Some from ladies who 'merely received a few inmates into their home circle for the sake of society,' but who quite repudiated the notion of keeping a 'boarding house.' Some from the widows of professional men, who were 'compelled, through the death of their lamented partners, to add to their limited incomes by admitting strangers into the bosom of their families;' but very few who seemed to pride themselves upon their 'old-established houses,' the excellent table kept, the patronage of distinguished foreigners, and sociable whist evenings; and to none of these latter ones would my friends hear of my going; though, for my own part, I scarcely liked the idea of intruding upon any of those 'strictly private families,' who evidently thought the privilege a very great one, and named the remuneration they would kindly accept at a proportionately high rate.

After useless and innumerable VOL. XI.—NO. LXIV.

interviews, besides a host of letters, I became thoroughly stupid and bewildered; and having arrived at this point fell an easy prey to one who evidently understood the business most thoroughly. Mrs. Wilson, my captor, took great pains to impress me with the fact that her connections were most 'genteel,' and, therefore, 'she never took any one into her house but people of the highest respectability; for she had too much regard for the memory of the late Mr. Wilson to act otherwise.'

Her house was situated in a nice part of Bayswater; it was well furnished, and well managed by the clever widow, who seemed to know how to look after her own interests; and, in spite of 'former days,' when she 'had lavished money recklessly,' she had acquired since as fair a notion of the value of £ s. d. as it was possible for any one to have if they had studied the matter all their lives.

When I made my *début* in the drawing-room the first evening of my arrival, shortly before dinner was announced, in addition to a sort of general introduction, Mrs. Wilson favoured me with an especial one to the few whom she evidently considered the *crème* of the assembly.

They were, Mrs. Colonel Stacey, a tall, stiff old lady, with white hair and a faded but still handsome face, and the manner and deportment of a perfect gentlewoman; but, as I soon discovered, one who was ever on the alert to obtain the best of everything for herself, and take out the full value of her money. Mrs. Wilson thought it such an advantage to have a real colonel's widow, that she yielded to her whims and fancies (not a few), and consulted her taste in the choice of viands, &c.; and Mrs. Stacey took good care to keep up this feeling, and managed to inspire, not only Mrs. Wilson, but the other inmates of the establishment, with a certain amount of awe towards her. She did not receive me with much cordiality, and I think it was because she had a kind of

idea that I might try to usurp her place, on the strength of coming from India; but she was slightly reassured when she heard that my husband 'only' held a civil appointment. Mrs. and Miss Primrose, on the contrary, overwhelmed me with civilities, and might have known me for years. The former bore the remains of good looks, and was attired in the deepest of widow's weeds, a style of dress which became her, and was for this reason still worn; for her husband, I found, had been defunct many years. Still she never made any allusions to him without heartrending sighs, and even applications to her eyes of a deeply black-bordered cambric pocket-handkerchief; and she fastened her collar with a funeral brooch containing his hair.

Lavinia Primrose was a gushing, sentimental young lady (of seven or eight-and-twenty I should have said, had her mother not told me that she was just nineteen). She was attired in light muslin and fluttering ribbons, and though not bad-looking, she spoilt herself by an unmeaning simper, and a profusion of feathery ringlets that made her head look very much like a mop.

Mrs. Primrose was quite confidential, and during the little time we waited for dinner, she told me that she had to make many sacrifices for her dear girl's health, which was very delicate. She had given up a perfect 'mansion' near town, because the air was not considered so good; and she submitted to the discomforts of a boarding house that she might be ready to start off for Italy at the slightest appearance of a change for the worse, for the dear girl, she feared, was consumptive, and of such a nervous, finely-wrought nature, that she required the most tender care.

For my own part I could not discover anything particularly delicate in the round face and rather too plump figure of the young lady; so I ventured to suggest that she would very likely outgrow the dreaded symptoms, and that even now I could not pay her the bad compliment to say she looked ill.

Mrs. Primrose thanked me for my sympathy with her handkerchief raised to her eyes, and added that dear Livy's complexion was so brilliant that it deceived many people. She then pointed out a Captain Vernon, and in a loud whisper, which I felt sure he heard, informed me that he was the younger son of a noble family, but had the advantage over most younger sons, of inheriting a country estate and fine fortune from his mother; and having seen plenty of active service, he had now retired on his laurels, and she thought would take a wife and settle down to a quiet home life. She said this so significantly, that I could only conclude that her daughter was his choice; and yet, as I looked at him, I could scarcely think such a man would choose such a woman. He was apparently about forty, and though not positively handsome, there was something noble and aristocratic in his face, and soldier-like and commanding in his tall, fine figure. The expression of his clear blue eyes was frank and open, and the lines of his mouth firm and decided, with a touch of satire. He was polite and attentive to all the ladies, and if rather more so to Lavinia than to the rest, it was apparently because she drew it forth. At dinner I had an opportunity of observing the rest of the company. There were two sisters, Miss White and Miss Bella White; the elder a noisy, rather vulgar woman, who made fun of every one in a good-tempered sort of way, and laughed long and loudly at her own jokes, which sometimes went home too severely to be enjoyed by those against whom they were directed; the younger sister was quieter, and pretended to be shocked at 'Fan's' outbursts, but she was more objectionable with her affectation and over-attempts to be a lady than the other with her noise and coarseness. There was a quiet old lady who did not talk much, and took everything and everybody just as she found them. A thin, tall, elderly city gentleman took the bottom of the table; he wore a rusty black tail-coat, a stiff white neckcloth, and high shirt-collars: his manner was

grave and impressive, and he dignified every lady with the appellation of 'Mum,' and tried to be particularly civil to the eldest Miss White. There was also a stout stockbroker, who wore a short cut-away coat and a coloured necktie, with a red blotchy face and straight brown hair, who never looked off his plate (except to address Miss Bella White), and kept one in a state of alarm lest he should have a fit of apoplexy.

Remarks upon the fare at table were pretty freely made on all sides, and I was surprised to find how coolly our hostess listened to them (they would have been in such a different strain had the company been 'visitors' instead of 'boarders'). Mrs. Stacey complained of everything, and kept enumerating the things she was sure must be in season, and 'quite reasonable,' and wondering that Mrs. Wilson did not see about them; still she managed to make a very good dinner, and partook of every dish with the air of a martyr.

The fair Lavinia's appetite was such as might be expected from the delicate creature her mother had described her to be; but as I afterwards found that she made an early tea in her own room at five o'clock, I was no longer surprised. But she seemed to think that her neighbour, the Captain, ought not to be hungry either, for she plied him continually with questions, and allowed him little time for eating.

After we had returned to the drawing-room, the eldest Miss White sat by me and entered into conversation, and kept me on what is called 'thorns,' by the remarks she made about every one in her loud key. She informed me that Captain Vernon had been to Mrs. Wilson's four years running, and that Lavinia Primrose and her mother were trying hard to catch him, as he was worth having; that it was all very fine of Mrs. Primrose to ape the grand lady now, but that she could remember the time, not so very far back either, when Mrs. Primrose had kept the 'Green Dragon' in Cheapside, and that Lavinia's fortune was not anything

worth making a fuss over; then she laughed at the notion of her being only nineteen, and said she would vouch for her being at least thirty.

I said that it appeared to me rather a pleasant way of living as we were doing.

'Yes, indeed it is,' she replied. 'There is no place like a boarding house for fun and love-matches. Bell and I have been in no end, but I do believe this is poor Bell's last one, for Jones there (indicating the apoplectic gentleman) is evidently smitten; and I believe she will give in, and leave me in the lurch after all, though we both always vowed to remain single.'

'But another gentleman is very attentive to you,' I replied, seeing that the free-and-easy style was the custom of the house.

'Did you though?' said Miss White, quite pleased. 'Well, I rather think he has a hankering after my ten thousand pounds, but he won't get it; for I am not to be taken in with soft words and fine speeches, and intend to lead a jolly life, bound to obey no man's unreasonable whims and fancies.'

While chatting thus the door opened, and a young lady, whom I had not yet seen, entered. Her beauty could not fail to attract instant attention; her features were regular, her complexion that peculiar waxy pink and white, her eyes a clear true blue, and her hair, which was perfectly golden, was drawn in wavy luxuriance off her broad forehead, and gathered at the back into a massive bow. She was tall, with a figure of rounded proportions, and even in her dress of plain black alpaca, and simple linen collar and cuffs, she looked stylish and lady-like.

'Who is that lovely girl?' I asked eagerly of Miss White.

'Oh! that is Miss Maitland. Her father was a poor curate, who died from overwork and starvation, and his wife soon followed, leaving this girl alone without a relation in the world; so she turned her musical talents to account, and gives lessons all day. Mrs. Wilson knew something of her, I fancy, and she has been here for the last two years,

helping to amuse the boarders, and paying some very trifling sum for a home. She plays and sings very well, as you will hear presently; but until Mrs. Stacey has finished her nap the piano is not allowed to be touched.

'Miss Maitland looks sad,' I remarked.

'Oh, as for that,' she replied, 'she won't be friendly with any one, but sits like a statue, without speaking. Last winter I fancied the Captain was struck with her pretty face, but she tossed her head at him, and gave herself as many airs as though she had been a young woman of fortune, instead of a poor music-teacher tramping the streets of London, and going from house to house, wet or fine, for half-a-crown an hour.'

'Poor girl,' I said, compassionately. 'It is a sad position for one born a lady, and endowed with beauty and talents.'

'Well, so it is,' said Miss White; 'and that is why I say there is nothing like a good trade. Now my father rose from a mere shopboy, but he managed to leave twenty thousand pounds behind him; and, without seeking it, I got more respect and attention, because I am independent, than the clergyman's daughter, who probably congratulates herself upon having no relations or friends in trade.'

Mrs. Stacey now made her reappearance, and I noticed that she gave the young musician a patronizing shake of the hand, and as soon as settled in her arm-chair, called out, 'Now then, my dear, give us one of your pretty songs.' Captain Vernon advanced to lead her to the piano, and though he had but greeted her with a bow when she first came in, he now held out his hand. She took it formally, and then intimated, that as she sang and played without notes, she would dispense with his presence at the piano.

He looked vexed, and returned to his place by Lavinia's side, and began talking to her in a most animated strain. Every now and then she interrupted him with, 'La! Captain Vernon, don't talk

such nonsense! you make me quite vain.' Then there was the mother's echo. 'Now, Captain, I mustn't let you excite Livy so, or she won't sleep a wink all night.' But Miss Maitland began to sing, and the hum of tongues ceased. Her voice was replete with exquisite sweetness, and she sang with such simple, unaffected taste and expression, that I introduced myself, on purpose to thank her for the treat she had given me. She seemed pleased, and accorded me a bright smile, which at once won my heart. Her office was no sinecure, for she was called upon for song after song, and looked quite weary and worn when we parted for the night.

From that first evening Hilda Maitland wound herself unconsciously round my affections in a manner that surprised myself. First, my advances of friendship were as coldly treated as those of others, but at last she saw that mine was not insolent patronage, but warm liking, and then she seemed quite glad to have found a true friend.

She told me that all her life, short as it was, had been one continued chain of trials and privations; for her father had, as Miss White said, literally died of starvation, and for some time she was only able to earn very little; so that when her mother also laid down the burden of life, it was for her own loneliness only that she grieved. Now she could make sufficient to support herself, and, with strict economy, save a little; but it was hard, trying work, and a joyless life for one young and gifted.

Lavinia Primrose disliked her cordially, for she was jealous of her superior attractions, and feared her as a rival, and she sought to annoy and mortify her in every way worthy of one so narrow-minded. When I had made my observations for a short time, I likewise fancied that Captain Vernon admired Hilda, but she gave him no visible encouragement, and in a sort of pettish pique he flirted with Miss Primrose, for whom it was easy to see he did not care a straw. But as Hilda never introduced the Captain's name in our conversations, I thought it

better not to broach the subject either.

One morning Mrs. Wilson (who from the commencement of my sojourn in her house had seemed to think that I was an easily-managed boarder) came into my room in great tribulation, to tell me that the 'Primrose' threatened to leave at the end of their week, unless Miss Maitland was instantly sent away; as they considered her a low, designing person, and declared that her manner with Captain Vernon was forward and presuming.

'I cannot afford to lose two good payers, nor do I like sending the poor girl among strangers again, as I really don't think she has meant any harm,' she continued; 'besides I don't believe Mrs. Colonel Stacey would like to be without music now; it was one of the things that made her come to live here.'

'Tell Mrs. Primrose and her daughter that you cannot possibly comply with their request, Mrs. Wilson,' I said, 'for their accusations are perfectly unfounded; and should Miss Maitland have to leave in consequence I shall accompany her; for, like yourself, I do not think it right to throw a beautiful young woman like she is needlessly about the world; there are too many wicked enough to take advantage of youth and innocence. Miss Lavinia is herself the one whose conduct is improper, but my own idea is that she will never win her game. One thing, however, you may be sure of—that they will not leave so long as Captain Vernon remains.'

And thus the storm passed over; but I think Mrs. Wilson gave Hilda a few hints about what had passed, for her manner towards Vernon was more freezing than ever; though, from certain signs, which a woman alone can detect, I began to feel sure that she really loved him, but for some private reasons she would not allow him to see it.

After this Lavinia seemed seized with a violent friendship for Hilda, and sought her company as much as she had hitherto despised it. She even went so far as to talk of having a few singing lessons from her, but this Miss Maitland declined, on

the plea] that her time was fully occupied. But in spite of her drawing back Lavinia would confide to her that Captain Vernon had all but made the offer to her, and she did not think it would be long before she became Mrs. Vernon. 'And do you know,' she continued, giggling, 'at one time I was a little jealous of you, but the Captain has assured me without a cause.'

'Quite so,' replied Hilda, coldly, but she did not encourage further conversation.

One evening shortly after this Mrs. Primrose addressed Hilda in a loud tone from the further end of the room, saying:

'So you would not acknowledge us this afternoon, Miss Maitland, though I bowed, and my daughter waved her hand.'

'I never saw you, Mrs. Primrose,' she replied. 'But I suppose I was walking quickly, as I usually am.'

'No, not at all,' replied the lady, significantly. 'I mean when you were in the park. But it was quite excusable, my dear, with such a good-looking companion as you had to engross your attention. I suppose we shall be losing you soon?'

'It isn't fair of you to speak out before every one, ma,' said Lavinia, with a simper. 'Of course Miss Maitland will tell us all about it in good time. But I must say,' she added, trying to look arch, 'that you are very sly about it.'

Hilda blushed a deep crimson, but she replied, proudly, 'I really do not understand you, Miss Primrose.' Then catching Captain Vernon's eye fixed upon her with an expression of pain and surprise, she moved to the piano without another word.

Miss Primrose had evidently effected her object—more successfully even than she had dared to expect; for Captain Vernon, ungenerous though it might be, was fully impressed with the notion that Hilda was meeting some one clandestinely, and her blushes and proud manner of disdaining to deny it still more confirmed the belief; though really, if he had reasoned the matter over in his own mind, he might have

discovered that as she had no one to control her actions, no secrecy was needed, and if she were really engaged she could be so openly.

To me, in private, she said the whole was a fabrication, as she had never even been in the park; but she begged me to say nothing, as she merely told me because she thought it a duty to herself and my friendship for her.

A short time after this Captain Vernon went into the country, but fixed the day and hour of his return, and laughingly said he should expect us to welcome him back quite joyfully.

The day of his return arrived, but it was not till evening that he was to come. Just as we were sitting down to dinner Mr. Jones rushed in late, and informed us that there had been a fearful accident to the train by which Captain Vernon was to come; the news had been telegraphed up to London, and every one was in consternation, as the number of killed and injured was something fearful. We were all in a state of excitement and sorrow at the tidings, though many of us would not think that our frank, agreeable companion, so lately among us in health and spirits, was now lying a mangled corpse or a maimed sufferer. Lavinia was supported from the room by her mother, but she recovered sufficiently to reappear after dinner, and reclining languidly on the sofa, she alternately applied a smelling-bottle to her nose and a pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, and seemed to think herself an object of interest and tender compassion.

The poor Captain's sad death might indeed be a blow to her matrimonial speculations, but if she had a heart it certainly remained untouched.

I meant to have slipped away to have broken these dreadful tidings to Hilda in the privacy of her own room, for I dreaded the effect upon her; however, just as I was contemplating making my exit, she entered, and though deadly pale, seemed calm and collected as usual. She was immediately entertained with the news, but coldly replied

'that she had heard from the servant, and was exceedingly sorry.'

This remark was so commonplace that I felt quite angry with her; but she afterwards confessed to me that she was suffering martyrdom, and a sort of supernatural strength alone prevented her from breaking down beneath her agony; but cruel eyes were fixed upon her, and she knew that they would gloat over her misery, so she hid it deep, deep in the recesses of her constant heart.

Mrs. Stacey hated this kind of dulness, and asked, as usual, for some music; but for once her will was resisted, every one declaring that it would be most unfeeling, and Lavinia adding that 'she could not bear it.' She tried to enlist Mr. Jones's services for herself, first asking him to draw her sofa a little nearer the fire, then to fan her burning temples, and lastly to rub her hands; and all the while she cast such tender glances towards him that Miss Bella White was alarmed. Mr. Jones was worth catching, and Lavinia thought that he would do to fill the Captain's vacant place; though it was, after all, rather amusing to see how she gave us all to understand that there had been something between herself and Captain Vernon. Not that we believed it. All her blandishments, however, could not draw Mr. Jones from his allegiance to the fair Bella. Perhaps he thought that her ten thousand pounds was more substantial than the large fortune which was to be Miss Primrose's portion; anyhow, he performed the offices required of him very much as a bear might have done, but he would go no farther. We had all relapsed into a mournful silence, only broken by an occasional snore from Mrs. Stacey (who had grumbled herself into a second nap), when we were startled by a loud knock at the street-door, and the same thought struck us all, that it was the body of the unfortunate man being brought there, probably through some card or envelope in his pocket bearing that address. Mrs. Stacey, fully awakened, whispered in a sharp, nervous, audible tone—

'He must not be brought here. I would not stay in the house one hour with a corpse.'

Mrs. Wilson had always experienced great liberality from the Captain, as she herself allowed, and was really sorry for what had occurred, but she evidently agreed with Mrs. Stacey, that the Captain living and the Captain dead was not quite the same thing; so, giving a reassuring nod to the old lady, she prepared to leave the room, in order to refuse admittance to the unwelcome object. Before she could reach the door, however, it was flung open, and in came Captain Vernon himself, as full of health and spirits as when he parted from us.

'Mary has just informed me of my own death,' he exclaimed, gaily; 'in fact, she could not quite believe that I was actually flesh and blood, till she had carefully inspected me by the gas-lamp. She said, "You was all awful cut up;" for which I feel exceedingly flattered.' Then he added, more seriously, 'I am thankful that I came up by an earlier train, or I might indeed now be lying a mangled corpse, like so many other poor creatures. On my arrival in town I met an old fellow-officer, who insisted upon my dining with him at his club, and though he tried hard to persuade me to linger over the wine, I was not to be enticed; for, as I had told you to expect me this evening, and taking it for granted that you would all miss my society, I hastened away as soon as possible; though had I known that my friends were going to be so kindly anxious on my account, I certainly would not have subjected them to it.'

We all congratulated him warmly on his providential escape; and Lavinia, thinking this a favourable moment for forcing a declaration from her dilatory swain, detained the hand he held out to her, and then went off into violent hysterics. Mrs. Primrose expressed frantic alarm, declaring that no one knew what her dear sensitive child had suffered in the last few hours; and she implored the captain to speak to, and soothe her, and 'not let her lie there and die.'

He looked uncomfortable, and was beginning to say something expressive of thanks for so much interest on his behalf, when his glance fell upon a prostrate figure in a dark corner of the room. We had all forgotten Hilda Maitland, and there she lay, pale and deathlike.

With Miss Primrose, I, too, thought—now is the time to test his real feelings: so I whispered—'The shock of seeing you safe, after the agonizing news, has been too much for her, poor girl!'

'Is this really on my account?' he replied, with a sudden gleam of happiness lighting up his manly features.

I nodded an assent.

Then, heedless of the wondering eyes fixed upon him, he folded her in his arms, and laid her drooping head upon his breast. This scene, which was not lost upon Lavinia, made her redouble her shrieks; and her mother, seeing that the game was up, became positively abusive.

'Bring her up to my room,' I whispered to Captain Vernon, pointing to the still unconscious Hilda, 'for it will not do for her to hear all this abominable language.'

'You are very kind, Mrs. Merton,' he replied, huskily; and lifting his precious burden tenderly as an infant, he carried her up in his strong arms and laid her upon my bed. Mrs. Wilson followed, and begged him to go back and just say a few words to Lavinia; but he sternly refused, declaring that Miss Primrose never had been, and never would be, anything to him. So our good hostess was obliged to go away in despair, saying, 'If poor dear Mr. Wilson only knew all the troubles and annoyances she had to endure, he wouldn't rest in his cold grave.'

I, in my turn, began to victimize the poor man, and immediately we were alone I said—

'Captain Vernon, I take a warm interest in this poor girl, and for her sake I wish to know how all this is to end?'

'By her becoming my wife,' he interrupted quickly; 'at least,' he added with sudden bitterness, 'if she be free—a fact which I must doubt.'

I reassured him on this point by telling him that the story the 'Primroses' told that day was all a fabrication, intended to mislead him, but I firmly believed that the injured girl cared only for him. At this moment she opened her large blue eyes, and as her glance fell upon Vernon they lost their terrified expression, and closed again as if satisfied, while she murmured, with a sigh of relief, 'Safe! safe!'

This was a stronger proof than any surmises of mine; and the delighted lover clasped her to him and exclaimed—

'Hilda! My own darling! You love me in spite of your cruel coldness, and now that I know it nothing shall come between us. You are mine!'

Perhaps it was against the strict rules of propriety—but I was not accustomed to English society—so my readers must not judge my morals harshly when I confess, that at this point I became deeply interested in what was passing without, and I allowed the lovers to whisper their mutual tale of doubts and fears, hope and happiness; while, with my face glued against the window at the other end of the room, I sought to distinguish the dusky figures who were threading their way through the dim, dismal-looking streets on that dreary November night. At length I discovered that lovers are the most selfish creatures in the world, and I might have kept my station all night for aught they cared; so I confronted them, and requested the Captain to make his adieux. But before I could get rid of the tiresome fellow he would make me all sorts of pretty speeches, which silly little Hilda echoed. At last he went, and I insisted upon the excited girl sharing my bed with me instead of returning to her own attic.

At an early hour the next morning Mrs. and Miss Primrose decamped, saying they could not possibly remain another day in a house where such proceedings were allowed. Mrs. Wilson was consoled for their loss by the Captain's assurance that, as he was the cause, she should not be any sufferer; and I

suspect she was, on the contrary, a very considerable gainer.

Christmas Day came in clear and frosty, and very pleasantly we spent it, having unanimously agreed to refuse all invitations. After dinner, under the protection of a piece of mistletoe, the Captain ventured to kiss the ladies all round, beginning with Mrs. Colonel Stacey (who received the salute most graciously, coming from military lips), and ending, last but not least, with his fair betrothed. A little later, under the exhilarating influence of whisky punch, Messrs. Jones and Brown intimated that they should likewise avail themselves of the privilege of the season; but as the proposal was not encouraged, Jones was satisfied with paying this delicate attention to his charming Bella; and Brown commenced and ended with the buxom hostess, who was much gratified, and would doubtless have been more so had Miss White appeared at all jealous.

On New Year's Day I dressed dear Hilda in her bridal robes, and very beautiful she looked. She had made objections, declaring that she was too poor and humble to wed with one well-born and rich; but he reminded her that she was a lady, and that was all his friends cared about; and that she possessed his deepest affection and gave him hers in return, and that was all he cared about. The only point he would yield was, to have the wedding quite private.

Every one in the house presented the bride with some little parting gift. Mrs. Stacey, always grand, extracted from the depths of a huge chest a very handsome but antiquated Indian scarf. As a poor, toiling, striving, music-mistress, an orphan and unknown in the world, Hilda Maitland met with no sympathy or kindness from the very people who suddenly evinced the warmest friendship for her when she was about to become a rich and happy wife, and needed it not.

Mr. Jones followed the good example, and brought his courtship to a speedy conclusion; so Miss Bella White became Mrs. Jones, and the





Drawn by Adelaide Clackson.

A ROMANCE IN A BOARDING HOUSE.

[See the Story.]

happy couple went to reside at Islington. The city gentleman (Mr. Brown) failing in his attempts to induce Miss White to sacrifice her freedom, turned his attention to Widow Wilson, who was not such a bad speculation after all, and they very shortly after united their incomes and interests in the bonds of matrimony—the widow declaring that ‘her late lamented husband would rest more quietly in his grave if he knew she had found another protector.’

My husband returned some months earlier than I anticipated, so we settled in a home of our own, and have since had the pleasure of entertaining Captain and Mrs. Vernon and their infant son.

Lavinia Primrose, I hear, is at last successful in her matrimonial attempts, and is about to become Baroness von Schlossenhausen. The

baron is a bearded, middle-aged, smoking German, and says that he has hitherto been unjustly kept out of his hereditary rights, which causes him a little inconvenience in the matter of ready money. But all this will shortly be at an end, and he intends to conduct his bride to ‘Castle Schlossenhausen,’ where, he adds, her charming mother will always be an honoured and welcome guest.

The baron is not quite indifferent to the fair Lavinia’s large fortune, so it is to be hoped he will realize it; and as she is, in her place, much elated at the idea of acquiring a title, and living as mistress of a real castle, we trust that she may not, when too late, discover that, like many of the ‘Châteaux d’Espagne,’ her husband’s ancestral home is but a heap of ruins.



SOCIETY IN JAPAN.

ALL lustres fade, all types decay,
 That Time has strength to touch or tarnish;
 Japan itself receives to-day
 A novel kind of varnish.
 All Asia moves; in far Thibet
 A fear of change perturbs the Lama;
 You'll hear the railway whistle yet
 Arousing Yokohama!

Methinks it were a theme for song,
 This spread of European knowledge;
 Gasometers adorn Hong-Kong,
 Calcutta keeps a college.
 Pale Ale and Cavendish maintain
 Our hold amongst the opium-smokers;
 Through Java jungles runs the train,
 With Dutchmen for the stokers.

The East is doomed; Romance is dead,
 Or surely on the point of dying;
 The travellers' books our boyhood read
 Would now be reckoned lying.
 Our young illusions vanish fast;
 They're obsolete—effete—archaic;
 The hour has come that sees at last
 The Orient prosaic!

The Brother of the Sun and Moon
 Has long renounced his claims excessive;
 And now we find a new Tycoon,
 Who styles himself 'progressive.'
 Where once the Dutch alone could trade,
 With many a sore humiliation,
 The flags are flauntingly displayed
 Of every western nation.

Our artist—some celestial Leech,
 Or pig-tailed Hogarth, sharp and skittish—
 Has drawn, upon a nameless beach,
 A group of aimless British.
 As gently, in the summer breeze,
 The ribbons and the ringlets flutter,
 They fill the gaping Japanese
 With thoughts they cannot utter.



SOCIETY IN JAPAN.

Drawn by Eula E. Laver, F.R.S.

[See the Poem.]



The steamers in the distance smoke;
The Titan-Steam begins its functions:
There'll be a market soon for coke,
When junks give way to junctions!
The oriental little boys,
Who now survey those startling vapours,
Will learn to shout, with hideous noise,
The names of morning papers!

The East is dying; live the East!
With hope we watch its transformation;
Our European life, at least,
Is better than stagnation.
The cycles of Cathay are run;
Begins the new, the nobler movement:—
I'm half ashamed of making fun
Of Japanese improvement!

W. J. P.



CURIOSITIES OF FASHION.

In the Matter of One's Food.

FASHION is society's Chancellor of the Exchequer, and fails not to tax the lieges with ingenuity and unrelenting sternness of purpose. Our readers will doubtless remember Sydney Smith's humorous illustration of the infinite varieties of taxation that beset the British taxpayer. Alas! he omitted from the terrible list—which, in a certain sense, may be said to be the English *libro d'oro*—the assessments, direct and indirect, the contributions, voluntary and involuntary, that Fashion levies. These are literally numberless, and envelope us in a mesh from which there is no escape. The dresses of our wives and sisters, the folds of their petticoats, the dimensions of their bonnets, the arrangement of their curls; the hats with which we cover our aching heads, the boots in which we torture our aching feet, the waistcoats that cover the British bosom, the broadcloth that develops the British back; our horses and our carriages, our houses and our furniture; the plays which we groan at, the books which we nod over; the wines that we drink ourselves, and the wines we give to our friends; the regiments in which we place our sons, the accomplishments which we teach our daughters; the hours of our rising and sleeping, dining and tea-ing; the powdered hair of our footmen, and the cauliflower wigs of our coachmen; do we not recognize thy finger on each and all of these, O Fashion? At home and abroad, Fashion follows us closely, like a phantom fell; and though the most evanescent and volatile of spirits, wields, nevertheless, a sceptre of iron. You don't like sensation novels, but to read them is—the fashion. You don't care about 'Bel Demonio,' but to admire it is—the fashion. You prefer an old-fashioned English dinner, full, substantial, abundant, and materialistic, to the lightness and insubstantiality of a *diner à la Russe*, but then—the fashion! The wearisome canter up and down Rotten Row perplexes you

with an unutterable sensation of *ennui*, but—it is the fashion. Fashion makes you wear a hat that pinches your ample brow, and puts on Amanda's head a bonnet that does not become her. Fashion tempts you to live on a thousand a year when your income is only eight hundred. And Fashion—to be sparing of our instances—subscribed for the relief of wounded Danes, when English pluck and honesty no longer stood to the front in behalf of the weak and oppressed.

But perhaps the most personal and humiliating of Fashion's provocations is its interference with our food. Not even the kitchen and the *salle-à-manger* are safe from its vexatious intrusion. As sternly as an Abernethy to a dyspeptic patient, it says to society, 'This thou shalt eat, and this thou shalt not eat. That dish is vulgar; yonder *plat* is obsolete; none but the *canaille* partake of melted butter; only the ignorant immerse their souls in beer.' And changeable as that sex which is supposed to worship it most humbly, Fashion proscribes in 1863 what it sanctioned in 1763; and approves now, what in the days when George III. was king—*consule planes*—it most sternly condemned. The meals which now do (too often) coldly furnish forth the table were regarded with contempt by our great-great-grandfathers. Fancy Sir Roger de Coverley examining a *salmon des perdrix* or a *pâté de foie gras*! In like manner the Honourable Fitzplantagenet Smith would regard as 'dunced low' the boar's head that delighted his cavalier ancestor, or the peacock pie that smoked upon Elizabethan boards.

In the year 1272, the then Lord Mayor of London issued an edict which fixed the prices to be paid for certain articles of provisions at the pence; a goose for fivepence; a wild goose, fourpence; pigeons, three for one penny; mallards, three for a halfpenny; a plover, one penny; a partridge, three-halfpence; a dozen of larks, one penny halfpenny; a

pheasant, fourpence; a heron, sixpence; a swan, three shillings; a crane, three shillings; the best peacock, one penny; the best coney, with skin, fourpence; and the best lamb, from Christmas to Lent, sixpence, at other times of the year, fourpence.

Now, out of the foregoing list of edibles, Fashion nowadays would strike the mallard, the heron, the swan, and the crane, and would look askant at the peacock.

But the peacock was of old a right royal bird, that figured splendidly at the banquets of the great, and this is how the mediæval cooks dished up the mediæval dainty:—'Take and flay off the skin with the feathers, tail, and the neck and head thereon; then take the skin and all the feathers and lay it on the table abroad, and strow thereon ground cumin. Then take the peacock and roast him, and baste him with raw yelks of eggs; and when he is roasted, take him off and let him cool awhile; then take him and sew him in his skin, and gild his comb, and so serve him forth with the last course.'

Our ancestors were very fond of savoury meesses compounded on the gipsy's principle, of putting everything eatable into the same pot. A curious mixture must have been the following:—

'For to make a mooste choyce paaste of bamys to be etin at ye Feste of Chrystemasse (A.D. 1394).

'Take Fesaunt, Haare, and Chykenne, or Capounne, of eche oone; w^t ij. Partruchis, ij. Pygeonnes, and ij. Conynggys; and smyte hem on peces and pyke clene awaye p^rfro (therefrom) alle p^r (the) boonys p^r (that) ye maye, and p^rwt (therewith) do hem ynto a Foyle (shield or case) of gode paste, made craftily yune p^r lykenes of a byrde's bodye, w^t p^r lyavurs (livers) and hertys, ij. kyndines of shepe and jaryes (forced meats) and eyrin (eggs) made ynto balles. Caste p^rto (thereto) poudre of pepyr, salte, spyce, eyssell (vinegar), and funges (mushrooms) pykled; and paune (then) take p^r boonys and let hem seethe yune a pot to make a gode brothe p^rfor

(therefore—i.e., for it), and do yt ynto p^r foyle of paste, and close hit uppe faste, and bake y^t wel, and so s^rve (serve) y^t forthe: w^t p^r hede of oone of p^r byrdes, stucke at p^r oone ende of p^r foyle, and a grete tayle at p^r op^r and dyvers of hys longe fedyrs sette yune connynglye alle aboute hym.'

If any one of our readers should attempt this choice game-pasty, we shall thank him to make known to us the result of his experiment.

A favourite dish of our ancestors was—herring pie. In the town charter of Yarmouth it is provided that the burgesses shall send to the sheriffs of Norwich one hundred herrings, to be made into twenty-four pies, and these pies shall be delivered to the lord of the manor of East Carleton, who is to convey them to the king. Were these herrings fresh, or salted herrings? The latter was a popular edible with all classes of Englishmen, and have an historical importance from their connection with the famous *Bataille de Harengs*, one of the last victories won by the English in France.

The origin of the red herring is traditionally this:—A Yarmouth fisherman had hung up some salted herrings in his hut, where they remained for some days exposed to the smoke arising from a wood fire. His attention being then attracted to the forgotten dainties, he saw—ate—and wondered! The flavour so pleased his palate that, deeming what was good for a fisherman must be equally good for a king, he sent some of the smoke-cured fish to King John, who was then at or near Norwich. The monarch so much approved of them that he rewarded the purveyor by granting a charter of incorporation to the town of which he was a native.

Fish, indeed, was a much commoner article of diet with all classes of society in the 'good old days' than at present. If it figured at royal banquets as a dainty, it was placed on the tables of the poor as a necessity. Nothing is more astonishing than the prejudice of the lower orders now-a-days against fish. We have lived in seaside towns, and

seen it flung forth as offal by the half-starving families of the fishermen, who would thankfully accept, the next moment, a stranger's alms to purchase a fragment of rank and unsavoury meat. Our ancestors, on the other hand, were animated by a most laudable ichthyophagic zeal. Every monastery had its 'stews' and fishponds, if it did not happen to be planted in pleasant places on the bank of some fishful stream. Our kings preserved their fisheries as anxiously as a country squire preserves his game. Almost every kind of fish was good that came to our forefathers' nets. Fashion sanctioned sturgeon and lampreys (*Petromyzon fluviatilis*)—everybody knows that Henry I. surfeited himself with the latter, and died thereby—John Dories and stockfish, carps and crabs, mullets, gurnets, burs, ling, pilchards, nearly every fish

'That with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green waves;'

Or,

'Sporting, with quick glance,
Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropp'd with
gold.'

Even whales, if stranded on our coasts, were salted and eaten; and in the bill of fare of the Goldsmiths' Company, we find enumerated 'blote, fish, fowls, and middles of sturgeons, salt lampreys, congers, pike, bream, bass, tench, chub, seal, and porpoise.'

In a fish-tariff issued by Edward I., mention is made of 'congers, lampreys, and sea-hogs.' Fancy Lady Mayfair inviting her guests to partake of a sea-hog! In the Earl of Northumberland's Household Book we find allowed for 'my Lord and Ladie's table,' 'ij. pecys of salt flasche, vj. pecys of salt flasche, vj. becormed herryng, iiij. white herryng, or a dish of sproots (sprats).' Certes, a deep draught of Canary or Malvoisie would be needed to wash down so dry a repast! Mackerel, a fish now so popular, is not mentioned earlier than 1247; but its good qualities so soon became generally recognized, that we read of it as a London street-cry in the ballad of 'London Lickpenny.'

Eels were exceedingly popular,

and the monks especially loved to feed upon them. The cellarees of Barking Abbey, Essex, in the ancient times of that foundation, was, amongst other eatables, 'to provide *russe aule* in Lenton, and to bake with eys on Shere Tuesday;' and at Shrovetide she was to have ready 'twelve stubbe eles and nine schaft eles.' The regulation and management for the sale of eels seems to have formed a prominent feature in the old ordinances of the Fishmongers' Company. There were artificial receptacles made for eels in our rivers, called Anguilones, constructed with rows of poles, that they might be more easily taken. The cruel custom of salting eels alive is mentioned by some old writers.

Fashion did not set its seal upon turtle soups until a comparatively recent date. An entry in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' August 31, 1753, proves that 'calipash and calipee' were still a rarity:—'A turtle, weighing 350 lb., was ate at the King's Arms tavern, Pall Mall; the mouth of an oven was taken down to admit the part to be baked.' Turtles have travelled eastward since then. One does not look nowadays for turtles in Belgravian hotels, but at the London Tavern or the Mansion House, and associate it as a thing of course with civic banquets and aldermanic paunches.

The great ministers of Fashion, its agents in enforcing its decrees upon unhappy society, have been the cooks—always a potent, a conceited, and, sooth to say, an ignorant fraternity. From the days of Aristoxenes and Archestratus to those of Ude—Ude, who refused four hundred a year and a carriage when offered by the Duke of Richmond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, because there was no Opera at Dublin—from the days of Archestratus to those of Ude, they have studied rather the display of their inventive powers than the laws of physiology and the stomachs of their patrons. Ben Jonson furnishes us with an admirable description of one of these gentry, who are more solicitous about the invention of wonderful novelties than the provision of a

wholesome and sufficient dinner:—
 'A master cook!' exclaims the poet;

* Why, he's the man of men
 For a professor; he designs, he draws,
 He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies;
 Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish.
 Some he dry-dishes, some moats round with
 broths,

Mounts marrow-bones, cuts fifty-angled custards
 Tears bulwark-pies, and for his outworks
 He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust;
 And teacheth all the tactics at one dinner:
 What ranks, what files to put his dishes in;
 The whole art military. Then he knows
 The influence of the stars upon his meats,
 And all their seasons, tempers, qualities;
 And so to fit his relishes and sauces,
 He has Nature in a pot, 'bove all the chemists,
 Or airy brethren of the Rosy-Cross.
 He is an architect, an engineer,
 A soldier, a physician, a philosopher,
 A general mathematician &c.

It is the cooks who are responsible for the untasteful monstrosities and semi-poisonous *plâtes* that still figure in our bills of fare. Just as the cooks of ancient Rome served up to their patrons the membranous parts of the matricæ of a sow, the echinus or sea-hedgehog, the flesh of young hawks, and especially rejoiced in a whole pig, boiled on one side and roasted on the other—the belly stuffed with thrushes, and yolks of eggs, and hens, and spiced meats; so the cooks of modern London love to disguise our food with an infinite variety of flavours, until the *natural* is entirely lost, and the most curious examiner is at a loss to detect the component parts of any particular dish. The ancient cooks, with a vegetable, could counterfeit the shape and the taste of fish and flesh. We are told that a king of Bithynia having, in one of his expeditions, strayed to a great distance from the seaside, conceived a violent longing for a small fish called *aphy*, either a pilchard, an anchovy, or a herring. His cook was a genius, however, and could conquer obstacles. He had no *aphy*, but he had a turnip. This he cut into a perfect imitation of the fish; then fried in oil, salted, and powdered thoroughly with the grains of a dozen black poppies. His majesty ate, and was delighted! Never had he eaten a more delicious *aphy*! But our modern cooks are not inferior to the ancient. Give them a partridge or a pheasant, a

VOL. XI.—NO. LXIV.

veal outlet or a mutton chop, and they will so dish you up each savoury article that nothing of its original flavour shall be discernible! O Fashion! O cooks! O confectioners! We are your slaves, your victims; and our stomachs the laboratories in which you coolly carry out your experiments. Look, for instance, at vegetables: no food more wholesome, or more simple, and yet how the cooks do torture and manipulate them, until the salutary properties of these *cibi innocentes* utterly disappear!

The ancients, however, set us an excellent example with respect to the number of guests one should invite to dinner. Archestratus, in his 'Gastrology,' thus enunciates his opinion:—

'I write these precepts for immortal Greece,
 That round a table delicately spread,
 Or three, or four, may sit in choice repast,
 Or five at most, who otherwise shall dine
 Are like a troop marauding for their prey.'

Just so. The present writer has before now had the evil fortune to make one out of four-and-twenty unhappy cosmopolitans 'intent upon dining,' but bewildered by a Babel of noises, an army of waiters, and a Brobdignagian pile of dishes. The Romans more wisely decreed that the number should not be less than the Graces, or more than the Muses. Who has not heard of the Roman gentleman that apologized to a friend for not inviting him to dinner, because his *number* was complete? There was a proverb in vogue which limited that number to seven:—

'Septem convivium, novem convivium facere.'

But we should not murmur if a liberal Amphytrion invited us to make the twelfth at his 'well-spread board.'

Talking of dinners necessarily brings us to the question of the dining hour. Fashion, in this respect, has exhibited the most astounding vagaries. In the reign of Francis I., the polite French were wont to say—

'Lever à cinq, dîner à neuf;
 Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf;
 Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf.'

Froissart speaks of waiting upon the Duke of Lancaster at five o'clock

in the afternoon, after he had *supped*. If our ancestors dined at nine in the morning, when did they breakfast? When did they get up? They were early risers, undoubtedly; nor would they have accomplished such surprising exploits had they not begun to work and think with the first dawn of the day. For some centuries the dinner-hour was fixed at *ten*, and the supper at *six*, and the later hours now in vogue did not prevail in England until after the Restoration.

Fashion has improved upon the past, however, in the matter of drinking. There are, happily, few three-bottle-men now-a-days, and no gentleman considers it a necessary condition of his hospitality to make his guests so drunk that they cannot walk home. The beauty and usefulness of temperance are now very generally recognized. Society would be scandalized if the great Whig leader or the accomplished Conservative guerilla-chief rolled into the House of Commons 'flushed with wine'—seething, like Pitt and Fox, with a couple of bottles of port. Hard drinking is no longer one of our national vices, as it remained from our early wars in the Netherlands until the conclusion of our late war with France. Fashion, influenced by good sense, has waved her wand, and the swine have ceased to wallow 'in Epicurus' sty.'

A treatise might be written upon our ancient drinking customs. What wine-bibbers and beer-bibbers were the Elizabethan swash-bucklers, and the Stuart cavaliers! No thin potations; no half-filled cups for them! In those days he was nobody that could not 'drink *superoragulum*;' 'carouse the hunter's hoop;' or 'quaff upse freeze crosse.' The satirist Nash gives a curious picture of society in the thirsty Tudor days. He delineates eight different kinds of drunkards, and each must have been sufficiently common to enable him so accurately to detect and describe their humours. 'The first,' he says, 'is Apo-drunk, and he leaps and sings, and hollows and dances for the heavens; the second is Lyon-drunk, and he flings the pots about the house, breaks the glass windows

with 'his dagger, and is apt to quarrel with any man that speaks to him; the third is Swine-drunk, heavy, lumpy, and sleepy, and cries for a little more drink, and a few more clothes; the fourth is Sheep-drunk, wise in his own conceit when he cannot bring forth a right word; the fifth is Maudlin-drunk, when a fellow will weep for kindness in the midst of his drink, and kiss you, saying, "By God, captain, I love thee; go thy ways, thou dost not think so often of me as I do of thee: I would (if it pleased God) I could not love thee as I do;" and then he puts his finger in his eye and cries. The sixth is Martin-drunk, when a man is drunk, and drinks himself sober ere he stir; the seventh is Goat-drunk, when in his drunkenness he had no mind but on lechery. The eighth is Fox-drunk, when he is crafty drunk, as many of the Dutchmen be, which will never bargain but when they are drunk. All these species, and more, I have seen practised in one company at one sitting; when I have been permitted to remain sober amongst them only to note their several humours.'

To drink *super-ragulum*, that is, on the rail, is thus explained by Nash: 'After a man has turned up the bottom of his cup, a drop was allowed to settle on the thumb-nail. If more than a drop trickled down, the drinker was compelled to drink again by way of penance.'

Provocatives of drink were freely relished by our roystering, hard-drinking cavaliers. These were called 'shooing-horns,' 'whettors,' 'drawers-on,' and 'pullers-on.' Massinger puts forth a curious list, whose perusal will induce the reader to be thankful for Fashion's changes:—

* I usher

Such an unexpected dainty bit for breakfast
As never yet I cook'd; 'tis not botargo,
Fried frogs, potatoes marrow'd, cavaer,
Carpe² tongues, the pith of an English chine of
beef,

Nor our Italian, delicate wild mushrooms,
And yet a drawer on too; and if you show not
An appetite, and a strug one, I'll not say
To eat it, but devour it, without grace too.
(For it will not stay a preface), I am sham'd.
And all my past provocatives will be jeer'd at.*

Ben Jonson affords us some glimpses of the drinking habits common to all classes. In the comedy of 'Bartholomew Fair' he makes Overdo say: 'Look into any angle of the town, the Straights, or the Bermudas, where the quarrelling lesson is read, and how do they entertain the time, but with bottle-ale and tobacco? The lecturer is o' one side, and his pupils o' the other; but the seconds are still bottle-ale and tobacco, for which the lecturer roasts, and the novices pay. Thirty pound a week in bottle ale! forty in tobacco! and ten more in ale again! Then for a suit to drink in, so much, and, that being slaver'd, so much for another suit, and then a third suit, and a fourth suit! and still the bottle-ale slavereth, and the tobacco stinketh.'

After the Restoration England for a time abandoned herself to a national saturnalia, and men drank deeply, from the king to the lowest hind. The novels of Fielding and Smollett are full of pictures of wild debauchery and drunken extravagance. It was the same with the next generation; with the generation that looked upon George, Prince Regent, as the first gentleman in Europe; shameless profligacy and mad drunkenness were the reproach of every class. A three-bottle man was then a King in Israel! Statesmen drank deep at their political councils; soldiers drank deep in the mess-room; ladies drank in their boudoirs; gentlemen at their clubs and their dining-tables! The criminal on his way to Tyburn stopped to drink a parting glass. Hogarth, in his wonderful pictures, has held the mirror up to society; in his 'Gin Lane' and 'Beer Court,' as in his 'Marriage à la Mode,' has shown how general was the shame, how terrible the curse! Thank Heaven! it is not 'the fashion,' in this present year of grace, to bemuse one's self with drink. We love the cheerful 'glass,' but eschew the 'punchbowl' and the 'bottle.'

Hitherto we have dealt with English fashions chiefly. Before we quit the subject, it will be as well to glance at the customary food of other nations. We shall find that

man exercises his gastronomical powers upon an astonishing variety of subjects. Not many of these should we be solicitous for Fashion to render popular in the British isles, notwithstanding the praiseworthy exertions and generous sacrifices of the members of the Acclimatization Society.

Let us suppose that some philanthropic gourmands—some adventurous Brown, Jones, and Robinson—are going on a tour of culinary discovery. First, then, they may dine with the Esquimaux in a field of ice, and be treated to tallow candles as a particularly delicious dish, with a slice of seal by way of something solid. Or they will find their plates loaded with the liver of the walrus—which, by the way, an American savant has commended in enthusiastic terms. They may vary their dinner by helping themselves to a lump of whale-meat, red and coarse and rancid, but very toothsome to an Esquimaux notwithstanding!

If they sat down at a Greenland's table, they would find it loaded with, or, to use the fashionable expression, 'groaning under' a dish of 'half-putrid whale's tail,' which has been lauded as a savoury matter, not dissimilar in flavour to cream cheese! Walrus' tongue is also a dainty, and the liver of porpoise makes a Greenland's mouth water. They may finish their repast with a slice of reindeer or a roasted rat, and drink to their host's health in a bumper of train oil.

If their fastidious taste will not allow them to rest content with these varieties of Arctic fare, they may go further and fare worse. In South America, for instance, Fashion recognises a notable *plat* in the tongue of the sea-lion. 'We cut off,' says a curious traveller, 'the tip of the tongue hanging out of the mouth of the sea-lion just killed. About sixteen or eighteen of us ate each a pretty large piece, and we all thought it so good that we regretted that we could not eat more of it.' We remember to have read in an American magazine that, in Honduras, the tail of the manatu, or sea-cow, is a staple dish for the

table, though new settlers cannot at first overcome its striking resemblance to man. The female has hands, and holds its young up to its breast precisely as a human mother would. We fear, therefore, that manatu would be objected to by Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

Let them visit China, then, where fashion and the cooks have invented some extraordinary dishes. Among these a foremost place must be given to soup compounded from sharks' fins so that they import every year from India twelve to fifteen thousand hundredweight of them. Off Kurrachee, near Bombay, about forty thousand sharks are annually offered up to John Chinaman's eccentric appetite. Then the rats! Why, game is not half so religiously preserved in England, nor is venison nearly so much esteemed. Birds' nests, too, supply the materials of a very fashionable soup. Those made use of are the nests of the *Hirundo esculenta*. The gathering of these nests, which are procured from caves on the southerly seacoast of Java, takes place three times in a year—in the end of April, the middle of August, and in December. 'They are composed of a mucilaginous substance, but as yet they have never been analysed with sufficient accuracy to show the constituents. Externally, they resemble ill-cooked, fibrous isinglass, and are of a white colour, inclining to red. Their thickness is little more than that of a silver spoon, and the weight from a quarter to half an ounce. When dry they are brittle and wrinkled; the size is nearly that of a goose's egg. Those that are dry, white, and clean, are the most valuable. They are packed in bundles, with split rattans run through to preserve the shape. Those procured after the young are fledged, are not saleable in China. . . . After the nests are obtained, they are separated from feathers and dirt, are carefully dried and packed, and are then fit for the market. The Chinese, who are the only people that purchase them for their own use, bring them in junks to this market, where they command extravagant prices; the best, or white

kind, often being worth four thousand dollars per picul (a Chinese weight, equal to 133½ lb. avoirdupoise), which is nearly twice their weight in silver. The middling kind is worth from twelve to eighteen hundred, and the worst, or those procured after fledging, one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars per picul. The labour bestowed to render the birds' nest fit for table is enormous; every feather, stick, or impurity of any kind is carefully removed; and then, after undergoing many washings and preparations, it is made into a soft, delicious jelly.'

John Chinaman has a penchant for dogs, and fattens them as the Berkshire farmer fattens pigs. This predilection is also shared by the ladies and gentlemen of Zanzibar, in Africa, the aristocracy of the Sandwich Islands, and the half-mannish, half-brutish aborigines of Australia. Brown, Jones, and Robinson—in Canton—may go to the butcher's shop, and order 'a fine leg of young dog,' just as Mrs. Tomkins orders her 'leg of lamb' at her butcher's in Camberwell. A traveller who has visited the Sandwich Islands asserts that, at a house or hut where on one occasion he dined, near every place at table was a plump young dog; and its flesh was so much relished by his liberal palate, that he speaks of it as combining the peculiar excellences of lamb and pork. These Sandwich dogs are fed with peculiar nicety, and are considered fit for market when two years old. The mode in which they are cooked is somewhat peculiar. A hole is dug in the ground large enough to contain the puppy. A good fire is built up in this hole, and large stones cast into it to remain until red hot. You then pile these red-hot stones about the sides and bottom, throw in leaves of odorous plants, and lay the dog, well cleaned and carefully prepared, upon the glowing stones. More leaves, more stones, and, finally, some earth are heaped upon the smoking dainty, until the oven becomes, as it were, hermetically sealed. The meat, when done, is full of delicious juices, and worthy

of a place at the Lord Mayor's table on the 9th of November.

Fashion, in Siam, prescribes a curry of ants' eggs as necessary at every well-ordered banquet. They are not larger—the eggs—than grains of pepper, and to an unaccustomed palate have no particular flavour. Besides being curried, they are brought to table rolled in green leaves, mingled with shreds or very fine slices of fat pork.

The Mexicans, a people dear to Napoleon III., make a species of bread of the eggs of insects; hemipterous insects which frequent the fresh waters of the Mexican lagunes. The natives cultivate, in the lagune of Chalco, a sort of *carex* called *touté*, on which the insects deposit their eggs very freely. This *carex* is made into bundles, which are removed to the Lake Texcuco, and floated in the water until covered with eggs. The bundles are then taken up, dried, and beaten over a large cloth. The eggs being thus disengaged, are cleaned, sifted, and pounded into flour.

Penguins' eggs, cormorants' eggs, gulls' eggs, albatrosses' eggs, turtles' eggs—all are made subservient to man's culinary experiments. Turtles' eggs are of the same size as pigeons' eggs. The mother turtle deposits them at night—about one hundred at a time—in the dry sand, and leaves them to be hatched by the genial sun. The Indian tribes who dwell upon the palmy banks of the Orinoco, procure from them a sweet and limpid oil, which is their substitute for butter. Lizards' eggs are regarded as a *bonne bouche* in some of the South Sea Islands: and the eggs of the guana, a species of lizard, are much favoured by West Indians. Alligators' eggs, too, are eaten in the Antilles, and resemble hen's eggs, it is said, in size and shape. Infinite is the variety of edibles discovered by necessity, and sanctioned by fashion!

An attempt was made, a few years ago, to introduce into France the practice of 'hippophagy,' but Fashion did not take kindly to horse-flesh. M. Isidore St. Hilaire, however, grew enthusiastic in his advocacy of the new viand. 'Horse-

flesh,' he exclaimed, 'has long been regarded as of a sweetish disagreeable taste, very tough, and not to be eaten without difficulty. But so many different facts are opposed to this prejudice, that it is impossible not to perceive the slightness of its foundation. The free or wild horse is hunted as game in all parts of the world where it exists—Asia, Africa, and America—and, perhaps, even now, in Europe. The domestic horse itself is made use of as alimentary as well as auxiliary—in some cases altogether alimentary—in Africa, America, Asia, and in some parts of Europe.

'Its flesh is relished by people the most different in their manner of life, and of races the most diverse, negro, Mongol, Malay, American, Caucasian. It was much esteemed up to the eighth century among the ancestors of some of the greatest nations of Western Europe, who had it in general use, and gave it up with regret. Soldiers to whom it has been served out, and people in towns who have purchased it in markets, have frequently taken it for beef. Still more often, and indeed habitually, it has been sold in restaurants, even in the best, as venison (1), and without the customers ever suspecting the fraud or complaining of it.' Let our readers take warning by this revelation, and never call for venison at a Parisian restaurant.

Insects, in many parts of the world, supply esteemed dishes. Thus, locusts are eaten by several tribes of North American Indians; the Bushmen of Africa indulge in roasted spiders; maggots tickle the palates of the Australian aborigines; and the Chinese feast upon the chrysalis of the silkworm.

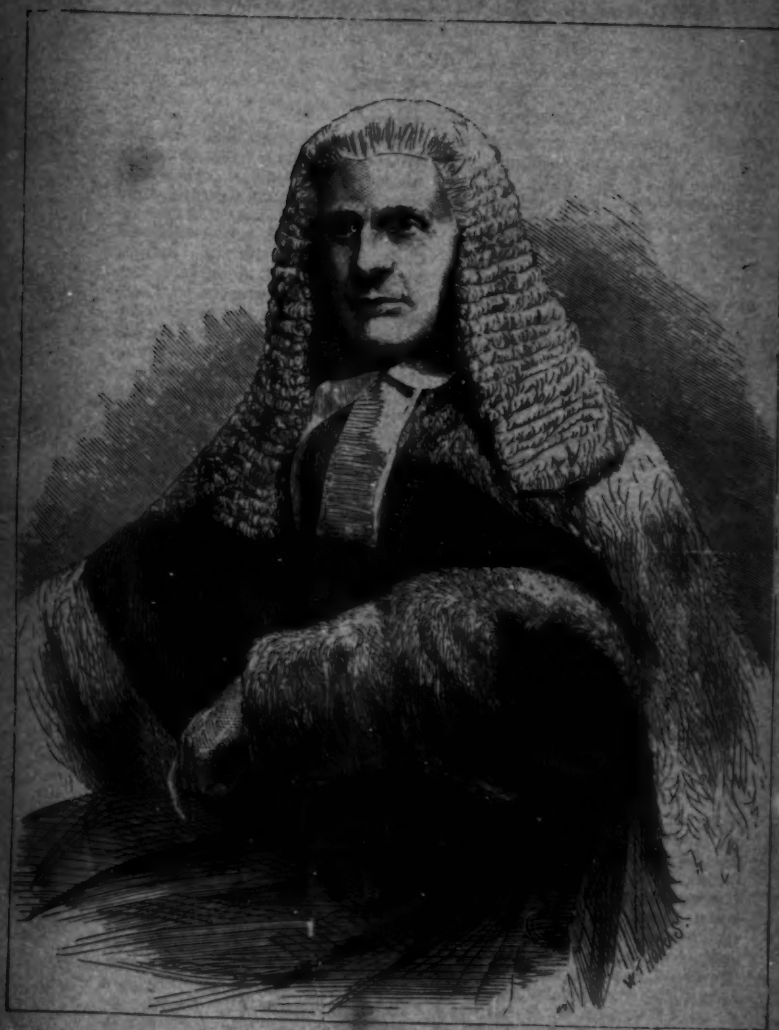
The inhabitants of the Philippines indulge in frogs as a peculiarly edible delicacy. After the rains, says a traveller, they are taken from the ditch that encompasses the walls of Manilla, in great numbers, for they are then fat, in good condition for eating, and make an admirable curry. The French are still a frog-eating people. Mr. Frank Buckland, in his amusing 'Curiosities of Natural History,' observes:—

'In France, frogs are considered a luxury, as any *bon vivant* ordering a dish of them at the *Trois Frères*, at Paris, may, by the long price, speedily ascertain. Not wishing to try such an expensive experiment in gastronomy, I went to the large market in the Faubourg St. Germain, and inquired for frogs. I was referred to a stately-looking dame at a fish-stall, who produced a box nearly full of them, huddling and crawling about, and occasionally croaking as though aware of the fate to which they were destined. The price fixed was two a penny, and having ordered a dish to be prepared, the *Dame de la Halle* dived her hand in among them, and having secured her victim by the hind legs, she severed him in twain with a sharp knife; the legs, minus skin, still struggling, were placed on a dish; and the head, with the fore-legs affixed, retained life and motion, and performed such motions that the operation became painful to look at. These legs were afterwards cooked at the restaurateur's, being served up fried in bread-crumbs, as larks are in England; and most excellent eating they were, tasting more like the delicate flesh of the rabbit than anything else I can think of. I

afterwards tried a dish of the common English frog, but his flesh is not so white nor so tender as that of his French brother.'

The vagaries of fashion have not as yet introduced frogs into our English bills of fare, and, as far as our own taste is concerned, we trust no such innovation will be attempted. But if ever frogs should figure on our tables, it is some consolation to reflect that our cooks will prevent them from tasting like frogs,—they will so spice, and flavour, and combine, and dilute the dish. As Sam Slick says,— 'Veal to be good, must look like anything else but veal. You mustn't know it when you see it, or it's vulgar; mutton must be incog., too; beef must have a mask on; any thin' that looks solid, take a spoon to; any thin' that looks light, cut with a knife; if a thing looks like fish, you take your oath it is fish; and if it seems real flesh, it's only disguised, for it's sure to be fish; nothin' must be nateral—natur is out of fashion here. This is a manufacturin' country; everything is done by machinery, and *that* that aint, must be made to look like it; and I must say, the dinner machinery is perfect.'





From a Photograph by John and Charles Watkins.]

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES P. WILDE,

THE JUDGE OF THE DIVORCE COURT.

THE HON. ROBERT B. JONES - PRESIDENT OF THE



A photograph by J. & J. W. Carter, Wallingford

THE HON. ROBERT B. JONES, PRESIDENT OF THE

THE JUDICIAL OF THE DISTRICT COURT

THE JUDICIAL OF THE DISTRICT COURT

SKETCHES OF THE ENGLISH BENCH AND BAR.

IV.

Sir James Wilde,

THE JUDGE OF THE DIVORCE COURT.

THE ladies would never forgive us if we were to forget Sir James Wilde, the judge of the Divorce Court. And perhaps we could scarcely begin our sketch of him better than by giving a little story of him, told by a lady; and which is in itself a very good sketch of his character and manners. A lady—the wife of a Queen's Counsel and a Member of Parliament—(who told the writer the story) met at dinner a gentleman whose name she did not happen to hear and whom she did not know. She sat next to him, and found him a delightful companion. He was young looking, and hardly seemed one who could be called even middle-aged. He had fine dark eyes—good, regular features—a keen, yet kindly expression of countenance; spoke in a quiet, agreeable tone of voice—was rather lively in conversation—was evidently accustomed to society, had rather the tone and aspect of a man of fashion, and spoke freely on lighter topics, such as ladies are likely to be familiar with—the latest novel or the last new opera. 'How did you like your companion, my dear?' asked her husband, later in the evening. 'Oh! he is delightful—who is he?' 'He is Sir James Wilde,' answered the gentleman. 'What!' cried she, 'the judge of the Divorce Court! Well, my dear, I had no idea he was a lawyer!' The fact is, he was so pleasant and agreeable a man, so at home among the lighter topics of the day, and with so much the tone and air of a man of fashion, that she could not imagine him to be even a lawyer, still less a judge, and judge of that court which, above all others, appears so fearful and so formidable to the female mind.

From this it will be manifest that Sir James Wilde is, as he ought to be, a man of the world; and a man of sense and intelligence; and a man of society, not less than—perhaps

we might say more than—he is a lawyer. For the peculiar nature of his judicial duties these are really more important qualities than mere knowledge of law. As a lawyer he is, to say the least, respectable, and fully of the average judicial standard; while in ability he is certainly above the average. There are few judges on the Bench more able than Sir James Wilde. He has not some of Sir Cresswell's great qualities, but has others perhaps better. He may not be so good a lawyer, and perhaps not quite so quick, so clear-headed, and so keen. But he is shrewd and sensible enough—full of sense and intelligence, and if not quite so clear he is not quite so cold. He is not ice, as Sir Cresswell was. He has not that cold, calm countenance, that seemed to freeze you with its cool, chilling glance of those clear blue eyes. Sir James has a face warmer and more alive to human sympathies and passion. It is a face which reveals feeling as well as sense, shrewdness, and intelligence. It is not so cold and so hard as Sir Cresswell's; there is a fulness and brightness in the fine, dark hazel eyes, quite attractive.

The voice, too, has a fine, mellow, kindly tone in it, utterly unlike the thin, clear, cold, hard tones of Sir Cresswell. You would say at once that the man had 'more of the milk of human kindness in him.' He has not been soured, as Sir Cresswell they say had been, in early life, by disappointed affection, the bitterness of which had turned to cynicism. Sir James, on the contrary, has gone through life, socially as well as professionally, with happiness. Marriage has made his fortune, and matrimony gives him fame. He married a daughter of the Earl of Radnor, a lady of the great Whig house of Bouverie; and that (with his reputation for ability) got him

the judgeship of the Divorce Court; and thus having made his own fortune (and, let us hope, her happiness) by a good marriage, he passes his time pleasantly in determining upon the follies, or the woes, or the miseries of those who have not married so happily.

As a judge he is very much liked. He is calm and clear-headed, and sufficiently quick and sensible, while he is not so sharp and snappish as Sir Cresswell was. He is a perfect gentleman and a most amiable and agreeable man. He is patient and attentive, candid and considerate, and if he ever errs, it is rather on the side of lenity and forbearance than of over severity. He is disposed to take as lenient a view as possible of matrimonial naughtinesses and a very sympathising view of matrimonial miseries. In a man who has himself married happily this is natural and amiable. He has erred; and erred seriously, for instance, as most men believe, in the case of Mrs. Codrington, in taking an unfavourable view of her case; and in poor Mrs. Chetwynd's case, in not allowing her to have her children. But however he may err, you see that he does his best to do right; and there is so much evident anxiety to do so, that, whatever his errors, one cannot be angry. He expresses himself on all occasions with exquisite propriety: his diction is admirable; his delivery quiet and unaffected, but with much subdued earnestness—sometimes eloquence—a great contrast to the coldness of Sir Cresswell. If he is not so acute a judge as Cresswell, he is one far more amiable, and when he is a few years older he will be fully as good and as great a judge. He has a larger mind than Cresswell, one far more comprehensive and philosophical. He does not take so cold and hard a view of human life, especially as regards the matrimonial relation; but for that very reason there is reason to believe that he will, at all events, when his mind has become opened and matured by experience, take a sounder view of it than his great predecessor. Sir Cresswell had been disappointed and soured in early life, in the very

matter of marriage, and that gave a cynical turn to his mind, particularly on that very subject. He has been happily described in a poetical portraiture, in these lines:

* With brain as clear as crystal, and with manner
As cold and chilling—Cresswell seemed to stand
In isolation from his fellow men.*

Then the poet asks—

'Was his temper
So from the first? Nay; but his life was
soured
By one keen disappointment of the soul,
Which turned his days to bitterness.'

The poet proceeds to tell the story of Sir Cresswell's blighted hopes, and he tells it beautifully.

'The story
Is commonplace; but not less true—of love,
And pride that overmastered that strong love.
And a stolen flight, and then a desolate hearth,
And an overwhelming sorrow and distrust;
And so his life thenceforward was a desert.
Yet let his name be honoured. All forgotten
That sharp sarcastic tone and curl of lip,
And scornful eye—that seldom smote but when
Pert folly called them forth; for Truth and
Justice
[Arrayed in Learning's grand imperial robe,
Were ever by his side upon the bench,
Guiding his judgment when he spake the law.'

Now Sir James Wilde has all his predecessor's judicial excellencies and good qualities, except the great judicial experience which Sir Cresswell had already had before he came to the Divorce Court; and except, also, the extraordinary acuteness which distinguished him; to counterbalance which, Sir James is free from the one great defect of Sir Cresswell, his soured and cynical spirit; and, moreover, as he has greater warmth of nature, so he has greater breadth of mind, and, as we have said, in a few years he will probably be found as sound, and perhaps a greater judge than Cresswell. He has had nothing certainly to sour his nature. His own happy and auspicious marriage has rather, as already observed, tended to give him that warm sympathy with the matrimonial relation which the judge of the Divorce and Matrimonial Court ought surely to possess. Already on more than one point his opinion has been deemed by the profession sounder

than Sir Cresswell's. The fact is, Sir Cresswell's mind though acute was narrow. The magnificent address delivered by Sir James Wilde at York alone would suffice to show him a man of enlarged and philosophical mind. Sir Cresswell could no more have delivered such an address than he could have flown. And very likely he would have sneered at the man who delivered it. His mind was cramped as well as soured by the cold, cynical spirit which possessed it. Were he alive he probably would have joined with those who sneered at some of Sir James Wilde's judgments as 'weak' and 'sentimental,' because he betrayed a belief in the possibility of reconciliation and reunion between married couples who had quarrelled. But the experience of future years will perhaps prove that Sir James was right after all; and the probability certainly is in his favour; for he is a married man, and has actual experience in the matrimonial life, whereas poor Sir Cresswell never knew it, and looked at it only through the distorting medium of a soured and disappointed spirit. Sir James Wilde is, as the judge of the Divorce Court should be, a married man; and a man happily married, and one who has practical experience of matrimony. Partly from this cause, he goes far more largely into society, especially female society, than a judge who is unmarried possibly can; and he knows infinitely more of the inner life of married people, the aspect of domestic life, the character of women, the causes which make or mar their happiness; the sources of disagreement or dislikes; the trumpery causes which sometimes lead to dissension and separation; the tendency of former affection to revive and yearn for its original object. All these, and a hundred other things, Sir James, going largely into society with his wife, must learn, and hear, and observe; of which poor Sir Cresswell, in his miserable isolation, must have been ignorant. Sir Cresswell knew 'the world,' no doubt, in a certain sense; but it was a hard, cold world—the world which lawyers see, not the inner world of

married life, and the sacred circle of home, with all its domestic cares, and joys, and duties. To all this he was a stranger; yet for a judge of the Divorce and Matrimonial Court, this was the most important knowledge of all, as enabling him to enter into and understand the disputes of married people and the chances of their reunion. Happier than his predecessor, Sir James Wilde has this knowledge in its fulness, and therefore he is, we think, a better judge of that Court.

He admirably upholds the decorum and dignity of the Court, and has a perfect control over the Bar there, and this without anything severe, snappish, or sarcastic; but simply as himself preserving on all occasions a perfect air of self-possession, calm, gentlemanly good-breeding, and a quiet dignity of tone and manner, which commands the entire respect of the Bar, especially as it is blended with the most thorough amiability and constant courtesy. On the whole Sir James Wilde is an admirable judge of the Court over which he presides, and it is a pleasure to see him sitting there.

The following passage may be taken as a good specimen of Sir James Wilde's judicial style, his justness of thought, his purity of diction, and his felicity of expression—

'The shape or form that the petitioner's misconduct in married life may take, its degree, the length of its duration, its incidents of mitigation or of aggravation, its causes and effects—all these have, or may have, a bearing on the petitioner's claim to relief, and yet are capable of such infinite variety and intensity that they escape a distinct expression, refuse to be fixed in a positive and distinct enactment. The duty of weighing these matters has therefore been cast upon the Court; and when the cases arising have been sufficiently numerous to unfold any rules of general applications, this Court may be enabled to guide itself and others, in these more narrow limits, by further definition. But until then the same reasons which have served to make the legislature express itself with latitude,

ought to make the Court cautious in restricting itself by precedent.

Or, again, take the following—a masterly definition of the term ‘desertion,’ as applied to the matrimonial relation. We make no apology for introducing these extracts, because they are not only happy illustrations of judicial style, but also on a subject of great interest to our fair readers.

‘It is not easy to define “desertion.” To desert is to “forsake” or “abandon.” But what degree or extent of withdrawal from the wife’s society constitutes a forsaking or abandoning her? This is easily answered in some cases, not so easily in others; for the degree of intercourse which married persons are able to maintain with each other is various. It depends on their walk in life, and is not a little at the mercy of external circumstances. The position of some, and, indeed, the large majority, admits of that intimate cohabitation which completely fulfils the ends of matrimony. Short of that, all degrees of matrimonial intercourse present themselves in the world. To some, it is given to meet only at intervals, though of frequent occurrence. It is the lot of others to be separated for years, or to meet only under great restrictions. The fetters imposed by the profession of the army and navy, the requirements of commercial enterprise, and the call to foreign lands which so frequently attend all branches of industrial life, make these restrictions often inevitable. But perhaps in no class do they fall so heavily as on those who devote themselves to domestic service for the means of life. *And yet matrimony is made for all; and matrimonial intercourse must accommodate itself to the weightier considerations of material life.* From these considerations it is obvious that the test of finding a home for the wife, and living with her, is not universally applicable in pronouncing “desertion” by the husband. Nor does any other criterion, suitable to all cases, present itself to the mind of the wife. To neglect opportunities of consorting with a wife is not necessarily to desert her. Indif-

ference, want of proper solicitude, illiberality, denial of reasonable means, and even faithlessness, is not desertion. Desertion seems pointed at a breaking off, more or less completely, of the intercourse which previously existed. Is the husband then bound to avail himself of all means at his disposal for increasing the intimacy of this intercourse on the peril of being pronounced guilty of desertion? On the other hand, is he free from that peril so long as he maintains any intercourse at all? The former proposition is easily solved in the negative. It may be doubted whether the latter ought not to be answered in the affirmative. But it is enough for the decision of this case. So long as a husband treats his wife as a wife, by maintaining such degree and manner of intercourse as might naturally be expected from a husband of his calling and means, he cannot be said to have deserted her.’

Nothing, it will be seen, could be more sensible, more philosophical, or more true. Our readers may easily recognise the good sense of a man of the world, the enlightened ideas of a philosophical mind, and the calm reflective spirit of a judicial temperament, with the happiest, most pointed, and most expressive judicial style. One more illustration for the sake of our fair readers. It was in a very painful and unhappy case in which the wife had sinned, but sought forgiveness in such a humble and contrite spirit that she won the judge’s sympathy, though she failed to touch the heart of her husband.

‘The burthen of the husband’s letters seems to be as follows. I still love you and long for your love. I will summon you to rejoin me on one condition—that of true religious repentance. Go to my sister in England; she will help you to repent. You have never loved me, and are ungrateful for my past leniency. The tone of these letters is that of very stern reproach mixed with much religious exhortation equally stern. More penitence will not suffice: his wife is to “abhor herself in dust and ashes;” she is to undergo deep

humiliation and self-abasement before her repentance can be real. But there is a strong yearning for her affection, and in the earlier letters an evident wish to satisfy himself that he might take her back with safety. On the side of the wife the letters may be thus epitomized. "I will not pretend to an amount of religious feeling which I do not entertain. I can never sympathise with what I consider the extreme views of yourself and your sister in matters of religion. Still I am truly sorry: I am but a sinful, wicked woman, but I do sincerely repent of past misconduct; pray take me back to live with you; I feel more true longing for your society than ever; but I make no pretences. You must take me, if at all, as a wicked, sinful woman, who will try hard to be all you wish, and who earnestly repents conduct which she now sees in its true light." Complete submission, absolute prostration before her husband's will, and tender entreaty on one side; reiterated reproaches, bitter words, an austere and uncompromising censure on the other, with a vast amount of religious allusion on both sides—these are the principal features of this most distressing correspondence. It comes to a cruel end. For six or seven months had the hope of being received again been held before the eyes of the wife. The husband wrote letters which, interpreted by himself, actually offered her the option of return to his home. She misunderstood them, and waited for a more sure welcome. Then came the final blow to all for which the wife had yearned—an explicit withdrawal of all that had been held out to her.

Then, after a masterly analysis of the evidence, leading to the conclusion that it was a case of suspicion, not of conclusive guilt, the judge proceeded to declare the husband's petition dismissed, and concluded in a passage which was made the subject of much severe comment at the time, and is as good a specimen as could be given of his mental calibre and his judicial character.

'My mind comes to the conclu-

sion of much levity, actual misconduct, but no downright guilt. It is impossible not to feel the deepest interest in the future fate of this unhappy couple. If the petitioner is disappointed at the end arrived at, he will bear in mind that, while human judgment is always fallible, he has no cause to quarrel with the means. The case has been most carefully sifted, and with the most earnest attention of all who had it in hand. And the thought is not without some solace that human judgment, impartially applied, has absolved his wife and confirmed his own early conclusions. Thus fortified, he may safely take her back to his home. No one can read the entire submission and pitiful appeal of his wife without indulging the conviction that the future will not be with her as the past. She owes all to his generosity and forbearance; and she will not disgrace that which does him so much honour. May it be so; and should the day come when peace and mutual confidence shall be established between himself and the mother of his only child, haply he may not regret that it has not been permitted to this court to undo the most solemn and most sacred act of his life. *Forsitán et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*'

That is, in plain English, in that event he will ever look back with pleasure to the result of proceedings which at the time were so painful. Those who censured this celebrated judgment did not do it justice, and forgot that the gist of it was that the husband himself had originally been disposed to look over what had passed, and to receive his wife back, and that it was the influence of third parties which had interposed to prevent his carrying out this resolve, which the judge, after careful consideration, considered to have been right. And as he perhaps charitably arrived at the conclusion that there had been no actual guilt, why should the husband not take her back? and if so, why should they not, hereafter, recall the result of these painful proceedings with grateful pleasure, seeing that it had restored them to each other? Those, then, who

sneered at the judgment as 'sentimental' were, as sneerers usually are, shallow-minded and ignorant of the human heart. No doubt, not a sentence of the judgment could have been delivered by Sir Cresswell; and it proceeded from a very different mind and nature; and for that very reason we have quoted it as eminently characteristic of his successor, Sir James Wilde. And unless a cold, severe, and cynical nature is a proof of infallible wisdom; and unless human judgments are necessarily to be less merciful and charitable than divine, who shall say that Sir James is the worse judge because he has the warmer sympathies for human nature, a kindlier feeling for its faults, a truer sense of its mixed character, and therefore a more enlarged and philosophical view of its real character, than a colder and a narrower mind would adopt? What verdict do our readers pronounce upon the present judge of the Divorce Court? Is he guilty of too much lenity because he has more sympathy? Is he necessarily weaker than his predecessor, or may it not be that in such matters he is wiser? If Sir Cresswell was the colder judge, may not Sir James be the better? We think our fair readers will decide in his favour.

MR. JUSTICE WILLES.

We associate Mr. Justice Willes with Sir James Wilde because, not long ago, when there was a rumour of the removal of Sir James to the post of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, it was also rumoured that Mr. Justice Willes was to succeed him in the Divorce Court; and because he alone, of all the common-law judges, at all resembles him in his judicial character, or would be likely or qualified to succeed him, which, indeed, may have been the ground of the rumour referred to. He may fitly enough therefore be associated with Sir James Wilde, and his fitness for the office it was supposed he was to fill may perhaps in some degree be estimated from our sketch of his judicial character.

A single glance at the countenance of Mr. Justice Willes will show you that he is a man of intellect, of calm and philosophic mind, and of great study and learning. It is a countenance somewhat of the same general class or character as that of Sir James Wilde; a regular oval face, finely-cut features, rather inclining to be sharp, a thoughtful, reflective aspect, a look at first rather of quiet reserve. There is this difference, however, that Sir James Wilde is dark, Mr. Justice Willes is fair and light. There is some resemblance, too, in general manner and demeanour—an air of quiet self-possession, an aspect calm, composed, and reflective; an inclination to be, if not taciturn, at all events sparing of words among strangers, and to speak with terseness and neatness of expression; and at the same time beneath an exterior of rather cold reserve, a great capacity for the enjoyment of general and refined society. As regards society, however, Sir James Wilde has probably gone much more into society than Mr. Justice Willes, who has led more the life of a student. These two words, *society* and *study*, mark as much as possible the great difference between the two men. Sir James Wilde is more a man of society, Mr. Justice Willes rather a man of study. The latter has read far more than the other, the former has seen and heard much more. The one is more an adept in learning, the other in real life. For this reason, probably, Mr. Justice Willes might not make, in some respects, so good a judge of the Divorce Court as Sir James Wilde, not having so much knowledge of life, of human nature, and of the world. Each, however, is characterised by a large and enlightened mind and a philosophic and reflective disposition. Perhaps a physiognomist would say, looking at their countenances, that Sir James Willes had the larger measure of intellect, the most acute and capacious mind, and certainly it has been most enriched, enlarged, and expanded by acquired learning.

There probably never was a judge who more rigidly practised the great gift of taciturnity than Sir James

Willes. He always was distinguished for it, and he sits in a court which is remarkable for it. There he sits by the side of the grave and solemn Byles; they are rare listeners, and seldom interrupt; but none is so taciturn as he is; and when he speaks it is sparingly and tersely, and often with a queer, quaint pointedness, which he rather affects. He seems to pride himself upon expressing the most pointed meaning in the shortest possible form of words, and, if possible, in a single word, which he often succeeds in doing. Thus, the other day, a young counsel had been rather copiously, dogmatically, and vehemently urging a certain view. When he had exhausted himself, the learned judge simply said in his quiet tone, 'I concur.' This is the formula used by judges to express their concurrence with each other, and it was adopted evidently to convey, in a delicate manner, a slight touch of satire on the dogmatic tone taken by the young counsel, who at once saw and enjoyed the satire.

On another occasion, when a counsel, in the heat of argument, made a statement obviously exaggerated, 'Rhetoric,' said the learned judge, quietly, 'rhetoric.' It was enough. The learned judge is of a kindly disposition and a thorough gentleman, and when he has to convey a rebuke, he does it in some delicate and refined way like this. Thus once on circuit a young barrister, counsel for the prosecution in a criminal case, who was breaking down, feeling rather in a hobble, wished to get out of the difficulty by putting it on the judge, and said to him, 'I will throw myself upon your lordship's hands.' 'Mr. —,' said the learned judge, quietly, 'I decline the burden.' On another similar occasion the counsel asked if he should take such and such a course; to which the learned judge dryly replied, 'No one is allowed to ask questions of the judge except her Majesty and the House of Lords.' On some occasions the scholastic, almost pedantic, turn of Sir James Willes' mind leads him, when he desires to be emphatic, into queer and quaint expressions, which sometimes appear

incongruous or have a humorous sound. Thus once in delivering an elaborate judgment, 'I hope,' he said, with emphasis, yet with his usual hesitating manner—'I hope that on all occasions I shall be valiant in upholding the powers of the court.' On another occasion, when a *dictum* obviously wrong was quoted from a Nisi Prius report, 'I am sure,' he said, 'the learned judge never said what the reporter has been' (hesitating as if for choice of an expressive phrase) 'malignant enough to put into his mouth.' There is this dry, scholastic manner about the learned judge which sometimes has the aspect of pedantry, but is not so, and is only the result of much study. It is impossible to imagine a greater or more striking contrast than between Mr. Justice Willes and Mr. Justice Blackburn, or Mr. Baron Martin. He so quiet, so taciturn, so sparing of speech, and so studied in his words, they so voluble, so pliant, so vehement; he so fond of reflection, they of discussion and disputation. His whole judicial manner and character more nearly resembles those of Sir James Wilde than those of any other judge on the Bench; but his quaintnesses of expression are so peculiar to him that there is not another judge on the Bench who could possibly have uttered them, or to whom they would ever be ascribed. There is something extremely characteristic in those idiomatic phrases made use of by a man, especially if he be one of strong mind or peculiar character. They mark the man's mental traits or peculiarities as strikingly as the features of his physiognomy, and often much more so. They embody in a single word or phrase the whole idiosyncrasy of the man, and hit him off, so to speak, as a photograph does, in an instant.

There is something in the utterance and manner of Mr. Justice Willes exactly what you would imagine in a man not physically strong, with a voice somewhat weak and a constitution impaired by excessive study and enormous practice and severe intellectual labour; with a spirit greater than his strength; with a nature exceedingly

sensitive; with a mind scholastic and all but pedantic in its tone, and only redeemed from pedantry by the force of his intellect; with a taste extremely fastidious and refined; with a turn for taciturnity and terseness of expression; and with a singular mixture of modesty and self-sufficiency, the effect at once of consciousness of intellectual power and knowledge, and a constant sense of the beauty and propriety of humility.

The result of all these physical and mental traits is that he speaks at first in a nervous, hesitating kind of way, which, however, as his ideas flow forth freely from his well-cultured memory and richly-stored mind, and as his intellect feels its force and mastery of his subject, becomes more rapid, though still with a nervous kind of manner, and every now and then with a hesitation not the result of any deficiency of words, but of a fastidious choice of an expression, the choice being often, as already illustrated, exceedingly peculiar. The delivery is hurried and ineffective, and never loses its air of hesitancy; but his manner is so earnest and emphatic, and withal so calm and impassioned, so thoroughly intellectual in its tone, its correctness so obviously the result of much thought and study, deep reflection, and strong and clear conviction, that it always makes an impression: though far removed from oratory or eloquence, there is no man on the Bench who conveys so much earnestness with such perfect quietness, such strength and clearness of conviction without the least approach to vehemence. His style of speaking is the most purely intellectual of any judge on the common-law Bench, and, to revert again to our previous comparison, it reminds one more of Sir James Wilde than any other judge, except as to its nervous, hurried manner of delivery; for Sir James Wilde is firm and fluent: and though both alike are, as already observed, disposed to be terse in expression, he is more copious than Sir James Willes, whose style is somewhat more severe and restrained; and again,

Sir James Willes is far more formal in his style.

Sir James Willes's formality of manner and fondness for allusions to ancient learning sometimes add to the air of pedantry; but there is no man in reality more free from it. His learning is genuine, and there is no judge on the bench who so happily, in his mind, unites ancient wisdom with modern enlightenment, and blends the experience of the past with the philosophy of the present. He has gathered from the learning of past ages all its richest treasures, and he applies and improves them to the practical uses of the present time. It was this property of his mind which made his labours so valuable as a Common Law Commissioner in improving our system of civil procedure.

There is one trait in the judicial character of Mr. Justice Willes which will commend him to our fair readers and to all generous-minded men, and perhaps goes a great way to qualify him for the Divorce Court, and that is, a chivalrous feeling for woman, a deep sense of her worth, a warm sympathy for her trials, a kind indulgence for her failings, and a strong feeling of indignation at her wrongs. Let any man who has in any way behaved badly to a woman beware how he comes for trial before Sir James Willes, for it will go hardly with him. He is never more severe in his sentences than in such cases. He always 'leans to woman's side,' and if the case is doubtful, is disposed to give it against the man. He is 'to her faults a little blind, and to her virtues very kind.' He always remembers that she is the 'weaker vessel,' and that it is for man to protect her, not to wrong her or injure her; and if a man, in his opinion, has clearly behaved badly to a woman he will do his best to punish him for it; not, of course, by warping the law, he is far too conscientious and strict in his ideas of law to do that; but if there is no doubt as to the facts, and it is plain the woman has at all events been badly treated, it will go hardly with the man if he is tried before Sir James Willes.

He is always, in cases where women are the prosecutors, especially if young women or girls, exceedingly tender, considerate, and delicate in his tone towards them, and while perfectly just, he does his best for them; and this is so whether the matter be civil or criminal. In this he differs greatly from some other judges, whose tone towards women on such occasions shows that they don't believe in women, and that their disposition is against them. Very far otherwise is it with Sir James Willes. The inclination of some of his brethren is always to treat woman as the tempter; he is more disposed to regard her as the sufferer, and as falling a prey to the temptations of the stronger sex. His idea always is, that a man, being stronger, should protect a woman, if need be, even against herself, not betray her or ever take advantage of her fondness for him. Hence he is very much against the man in cases of seduction or breach of promise of marriage. 'If a man misleads and ruins a young woman,' he said once, on an occasion of this kind, 'he ought to be made to pay for it.' The jury took the hint and gave large damages. The words were few and simple, but they were

uttered with that nervous, hurried emphasis which perhaps betokens strong feeling as much as eloquence, and they had the same effect. So on another occasion, a most remarkable case of breach of promise of marriage, tried before Mr. Justice Willes, where the excuse was that the young man's mother did not like the girl. 'Gentlemen,' said the judge to the jury, 'if a man has promised to marry a young woman, *he ought to marry her.*' What could be more simple, and, to read, what might be supposed to be more tame? But these few simple words were uttered with all that peculiar air of suppressed feeling which is so characteristic of him, and they had an immense effect, as the verdict showed, for the jury gave 2500*l.* damages, one of the largest ever known. These instances may suffice to show that Sir James Willes has that sympathy for the fair sex which men of generous minds usually have, and which certainly that sex will consider, to say the least, no small qualification for the office of Judge of the Divorce Court, especially as it is controlled by a most severe and perfect sense of justice.



PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

CHAPTER X.

'BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER.'

SIX years ago, when Fate had graciously bestowed that white elephant Marian upon Mr. Sutton, he had made an earnest but fruitless attempt to arouse her interest on behalf of some members of his own family. His father and mother were dead, but his brothers and a sister were alive and in high health, and anything but corresponding circumstances. Mark had been, as has been seen, the successful one of the family. The rest had laid their respective talents up in a spirit of over-caution that had kept both excitement and wealth from their doors. They had all given vent to warning sounds, and been ready with fluent prognostications of evil things to come for him when Mark commenced the speculations that eventually floated him on to fortune. They had stood afar off from him, prophesying that he would go up like a rocket, perhaps, and down like its stick surely, and had generally been sententious and given to declaring that the paths their parents trod, and the lives their parents led, and the modest competencies their parents made, were good and great enough for them.

But when Mark succeeded—when he went up like the before-quoted rocket, and seemed very unlikely ever to come down again, they forgave him for having falsified their predictions, and affably borrowed money of him wherewith to increase their own businesses, and were altogether affectionate, and much imbued with the family mind towards him, as was fit and wise.

Mark Sutton being a plain, practical man, opposed unconsciously to vain expectations of people being nobler than they were, accepted the change in the fraternal sentiments towards himself, and seemed to consider them as the reasonable offspring of common sense and expediency. He knew that they had all thought him wrong in bygone

days. He knew that they had been wrong in thinking this, and he knew that they knew that he knew it. But he took his triumph meekly, and never reminded them of anything that they evidently wished to forget, and altogether conducted himself for awhile quite after the pattern of the ideal rich relation of romance.

His only sister had married a farmer and grazier of the name of Bowden—a man who was rich in flocks and herds, and who commanded a good market. He had died shortly before Mark Sutton's marriage with Miss Talbot, leaving his widow and four children (all girls) amply provided for, under a will of which Mark Sutton, who was also his nieces' guardian, was sole executor. Shortly after Bowden's death Mark Sutton married, and made that earnest attempt which has been chronicled to interest Marian in his relations—principally in Mrs. Bowden and her daughters. And Marian mutely refused to be interested, and Mark tacitly accepted her decision.

Still though his sister girded against him garrulously down in her own locality in the heart of a midland county, for letting his 'fine lady wife wean him from his own flesh and blood,' the management of her affairs continued in his hands, and her store increased. From time to time he borrowed money of her, money which was always quickly returned with heavy interest; and at length he persuaded her to let him speculate on her account, which she did, until at the date of the opening of this story the well-to-do widow had become a very wealthy one.

When Mr. Bowden died his eldest daughter, a sharp little girl of twelve, had been removed from school 'to be a comfort' to her mother. In sober truth, Mrs. Bowden stood in no special need of par-

ticular comfort at this juncture, for the deceased Mr. Bowden had never been much more than the breadwinner to her; and she was a woman blessed with a sound digestion, a good appetite, and an aptitude for finding consolation in solid comforts. But she was a decorous woman, one who never put herself up in the slightest degree against public opinion. So when the clergyman of the little country town where she lived told her 'she must live for her children now,' and two or three of her neighbours added that if they were in her place they 'would have Elly home; none could say how much better she would feel if she kept the dear child under her own eye'—when these things had been duly said, and enforced with the sighs and shakes of the head that are ordinarily and judiciously brought to bear on the bereaved, Mrs. Bowden took Elly home, and at once ceased to think of her object in doing so.

Her uncle and guardian agreed to the plan, thinking perhaps that he could do nothing else, since his wife had made it impossible for other than mere business relations to exist between his sister and himself. So without let or hindrance Miss Bowden came home from school, and grew up in the atmosphere of a country town—grew up just what might have been expected from her parentage, her wealth, and the liberty she enjoyed.

Now it happened that though Mark Sutton was much older in years, and far more experienced on the Stock Exchange than Edgar Talbot, that the latter had obtained a business ascendancy over his brother-in-law—an ascendancy of a marked and positive character—an ascendancy which Mr. Edgar Talbot did not hesitate to employ when it suited his purpose. It had suited his purpose lately to raise heavy sums of money from Mark Sutton, and additionally to make Mark a sort of partner in his ventures. What those ventures were need not be told here. It would be easy to introduce facts connected with the Stock Exchange—easy to employ technicalities in describing them—

easy to pad this story with any quantity of business matter, but I shall refrain from doing so. The high stakes for which Edgar Talbot was playing were a brilliant, unassailable social position, and a power of influencing diverse governments through their treasuries. The alternations of his luck will be marked, but there is no need to describe each card as he plays it.

The last effort of this embryo Rothschild's mind over Mr. Sutton resulted in the latter attempting to negotiate a loan with his sister, Mrs. Bowden. He had every reason to suppose that she would accede willingly to his proposition. The fortune her husband had left had been more than doubled by her brother's judicious investments. But Mrs. Bowden was a cautious woman, and now that it had come to Mark wanting to borrow a very heavy sum of her, she suffered no sentiments of gratitude for the luck that had hitherto attended his speculations on her behalf to intervene, but resolved not to give him a favourable answer until she had seen him, learnt his views, understood his plans, and won through his wife an introduction into society for Miss Bowden.

London life—at least the London life led by Mr. and Mrs. Sutton—loomed largely in the atmosphere of that little country town where Mrs. Bowden lived. Partly through ignorance, and partly through pride, she overrated the position of Mark and his wife. In his quiet, unobtrusive way he had put Marian before his own people as a star of great magnitude; and so Mrs. Bowden, away out of reach of the crucible where Mrs. Sutton's pretensions could be tested, fell into error respecting her sister-in-law, and pictured her as one of the most brilliant, persistent, and powerful votaries of pleasure and fashion. It may be added that Mrs. Bowden's notions as to the career run by one of these favoured beings had been gathered from a diligent perusal of the novels of the silver fork school. What added pungency to the desire she had to introduce Elly to Mrs. Sutton, was the belief

she had that through that lady's influence Ellen would marry well—at any rate, be induced to forget an old friend who had grown up loving and loved by her.

So when Mark Sutton asked a good big favour of her, she determined to make the granting of it well worth her own while.

'Before I lend the money to you, I should like to have a conversation with you. It would be idle to seek to draw Mrs. Mark and you out of the gay vortex by inviting you here, so I shall take Elly up to London for a month, starting to-morrow, when we shall have opportunities of meeting.'

Then she went on to give him her London address—a good family hotel in Piccadilly, for it was no part of her plan to force herself upon him at his house until he entreated her to come.

He had received this letter (only the housemaid who lighted the fire the following morning with the torn copies of it knew what it had cost Mrs. Bowden in the inditing) on the day that witnessed the Lyons' advent at Edgar Talbot's house. During the evening he had communicated the contents of it to Edgar, adding that he had said nothing about it yet to Marian, as she shrank from all association with his family.

'She must get over that falsely fine folly in this case,' her brother said, almost harshly; 'you must make Marian civil to your sister.' Then he took Mrs. Bowden's note and glanced over it again, sneering and laughing to himself at that phrase about the 'gay vortex,' and added, 'she comes up to-day, I see; you must make Marian call on her to-morrow.'

Somehow or other it hurt Mark Sutton to hear this tone used about his wife, even by her own brother. 'I will ask her to do it,' he answered, curtly.

'Ask her, and you know what she'll say, or at least what she will look if you "ask" her in that tone; you must make her do it, Mark.'

'That I cannot.'

'Then I can.'

Edgar Talbot spoke abruptly and

imperiously, and Mark Sutton had to fall back upon the old, ever-recurring situation of accepting what Edgar had spoken, in dread lest he should speak still worse things. It was always well within the bounds of probability that Marian might have been guilty of some act of folly with which her brother was acquainted, though her husband was not.

'If her regard for me' (Mark Sutton spoke in a very low, humble tone), 'If her regard for me prompts her to please me by calling on my sister, I shall be grateful to her; but I will not coerce her.'

He spoke so decidedly that Edgar Talbot said no more to him about the matter. But the following day—long before Mrs. Lyon had got herself and her scruples under weigh for the studio—Mr. Talbot had called on Mrs. Sutton, and made her see the propriety not so much of calling on Mrs. Bowden without delay, as of obliging him.

'You will be prepared to meet them then I hope, for I am sure I shall not know who else to ask,' she said, scornfully. To which he replied—

'Oh, nonsense! that sort of thing is all nonsense: women's minds are always running on the necessity for organizing dreary social gatherings. You need not ask me or any one else to meet them—only be civil to them.'

'How?'

'That I leave to you,' he replied, rising up to go away. 'I only tell you to lose no time about it.'

So it came to pass that Mrs. Sutton, instead of going to the studio, went to call on her husband's sister.

It was as about as distasteful an employment as could possibly have been conceived for her by her worst enemy. The widow was far from being the most terrible part of the trial to Marian. Mrs. Bowden was a happy, hearty, large, buxom woman, who made a merit of and revelled in her lack of refinement. She was honest, outspoken, healthy, and aggressively high-spirited and hilarious. There was a touch of sly humour in the way she made manifest her perfect understanding

of the causes which had brought Mrs. Mark to call upon her at last; and Marian recognised this touch and appreciated it as a species of cunning insight into other people's feelings that was twin to her own. Moreover, for herself, Mrs. Bowden wanted nothing of the fair, selfish lady, whose power of giving was gained entirely from Mrs. Bowden's brother. A course of shopping, methodical and unceasing during the week, and a course of musical services at one of the churches most celebrated for its choir on Sundays, was all Mrs. Bowden desired for herself in the way of metropolitan gaiety. But she asked for more than these things for her daughter.

The girl was standing by the window when Mrs. Bowden came into the room, looking out upon the ceaseless stir and excitement in which she had no share, and half wishing herself at home again, where every spot had its interest, and every hour its occupation for her. She looked out upon a butcher's shop, a publishing office, and a cab-stand. There was nothing visible of the glory and grandeur, of the beauty and fashion of which she had heard and read. The high street of their own little country town could show them brighter and more seductive shop windows than any she could see from her post of observation in this excellent family hotel. Overladen omnibuses—they seemed overladen to her—horribly-horsed cabs, and long lines of earnest, anxious-looking pedestrians! The heart of the country girl sank down as she looked out on these things, and felt despondently that she had nothing brighter before her for a month. As this conviction smote her, 'Mrs. Sutton' was announced, and she turned and acknowledged that something brighter was before her already.

Marian has been already described. Picture her now as she came in with a bright, light, rose tint on her cheeks, the effect of the winter air and of annoyance that was hardly subdued. She looked pretty, graceful, smooth. There was a promise about her appearance

of those better things which Miss Bowden had vaguely expected to find in London. She welcomed them, and made manifest her sense of the relationship that existed between them in a few simple words that seemed to Elly Bowden the perfection of sound. Mrs. Sutton was neither too warm nor too cool to them. She had, in truth, made a little study of the manner it would be advisable to bring to bear upon them, and she was perfect in her part, hard as it was for her to play to such an audience.

To the girl who turned from the window to meet her, Mrs. Sutton took a contemptuous dislike at once. Theoretically she had always despised the Bowdens, and held aloof from them, as has been seen, and now at sight of them she declared to herself that her theory was justified. There was no appeal against that decision, no softening influence in the mother's evident pleasure, and the girl's evident gratitude to her for having come at all. She contrasted Miss Bowden's healthy, mottled, plump cheeks with her own little, delicate, fair face; and when the girl put a great, hearty, rather red hand out to her, Mrs. Sutton had strong need to remember all her brother's injunctions before she could bring herself to touch it with cordiality.

'I bring a message from Mark; he will give me an hour here alone to get acquainted with you, and then he will call for me,' she said, turning to the beaming Mrs. Bowden, who forgave the estrangement at once, after a generous fashion that Marian would have thought utterly incompatible with her sister-in-law's manner and provincialisms, had she given herself to the consideration of such trifling causes and effects. And then Mrs. Bowden, after declaring that she 'should be glad to see her brother at any time,' grew affectionately communicative to his herald, until Mrs. Sutton had to strengthen herself by the reflection that an hour is only sixty minutes, and that 'everything must come to an end.'

By-and-by Mrs. Bowden made an excuse for banishing her daughter

for a while, in order that she might discuss some of her own hopes concerning Ellen and Ellen's character with the new relative, about whose magically refining touch Mrs. Bowden permitted herself to be very hopeful.

'Is that your eldest daughter?' Mrs. Sutton inquired, as Miss Bowden went away from the room, reluctantly, in obedience to the maternal behest, to search for something that she had grave doubts as to her mother having brought with her, and no doubt at all as to her mother not wanting. Mrs. Sutton made this inquiry in order that it might be understood that she had never pursued the subject of Mark's relations with keen interest. In fact, she was keeping the 'word of promise' she had given Edgar Talbot 'to the ear, and breaking it to the sense' in that there was nothing tangible in her manner, of which Mrs. Bowden, a woman who was acute enough in her feelings, could take hold and complain even to her own heart about; so she answered now in perfectly good faith—

'Yes, my eldest, and though I say it, who shouldn't say it—though why a mother shouldn't I have never been quite sure—as good a girl as ever lived; foolish as young people will be, you know, my dear, very foolish indeed.'

'Indeed,' Mrs. Sutton replied, with the faintest possible accent of interest.

'Yes,' Mrs. Bowden responded warmly, to even that faint tone of interest, for her heart was wholly with her children, and she grew very thoroughly in earnest the instant aught concerning them was mooted. Then she went on to tell how Elly had given her heart to the son of an old neighbour of theirs, a 'young man who was deserving enough, but who came of a stock who never could do more than pay their way, and whose way was a hard one. I have nothing to say against John Wilmot,' she added; and Mrs. Sutton looked serene indifference to anything that could possibly be urged in extenuation of or in malice against him.

'I have nothing to say against John Wilmot, but Elly might do better—and she will get to feel that after seeing more of you.'

In a moment the indirect flattery made its mark. The insatiable, grasping vanity of the woman who listened, made the commonplace words of the one who spoke dangerous, and productive of evil consequences. Mrs. Sutton liked to feel that in her more graceful presence was the power of making a true-hearted, contented girl feeble and dissatisfied. There would be a double satisfaction in doing this. She would at once revenge herself on these people for being connected with her (in itself an unpardonable audacity), and she would prove to her husband and her astute brother Edgar that they had erred in forcing this personal communication upon her. There was nothing Mrs. Sutton liked better than hurting some one else when she was offended. If she could make the offender suffer, it was good, if she could not, she would in some way wound the next nearest, and be satisfied. These Bowdens were innocent of all wrong towards her (save the original one of being her husband's kin); but not the less did she mean to make them smart if she could do so with such a smiling exterior as would save her from being found out.

'When people put themselves out of their proper places it serves them right if they suffer for it,' Mrs. Sutton thought placidly, as she sat and listened to Mrs. Bowden's hopeful predictions concerning the future of her daughter, if by any happy chance John Wilmot could be put out of her head. The thought that she could deftly put in a few refining touches of sorrowful experience on the canvas of Elly's life, almost reconciled the elegant aunt to the prospect of the companionship of the inelegant niece for a time. The girl had, during their short colloquy, betrayed something like a genuine love for the home and the friends she had so recently left; and this had roused a spirit of antagonism in Marian, who had not a genuine

love for anything save herself. 'If they force her upon me she shall go home and find her John Willmot tame, dull, and unprofitable,' Marian thought, when Mrs. Bowden had finished her unwise revelations. 'They will all bore her, and she will never be fit for anything better, and it will serve her right for putting herself out of her proper place.' It would have been malevolence on the part of an old, ugly, unattractive woman to harbour such thoughts as these. For the wording of less hurtful ones old women have struggled in horseponds, and been otherwise tortured by their more enlightened fellows as witches, dangerous to the community. But Marian Sutton 'was fair and young and beautiful exceedingly;' moreover, she did not word her thoughts, nor did she suffer the reflection of them to appear on her face as they rippled through her mind. Both Mrs. Bowden and Ellen were delighted with her, and with the suggestive half-promises she made of future intercourse—delighted with and charmed by her long before Mark Sutton came to fetch her and welcome them.

There was rather a fuller exhibition of family feeling made when he arrived. Mrs. Bowden had restrained herself with difficulty before, but when he came she would ask what he thought of Elly? and point out in what respect that young lady resembled the Suttons more than the Bowdens. 'She favours her father about the eyes, and her hands are the same shape as his; but in all else I see our mother in her, don't you, Mark?' Mrs. Bowden asked, looking with affectionate, admiring eyes on the blooming, buxom girl, who lapsed into awkward consciousness of a terribly crushing nature under the ill-advised observations. It worried Miss Bowden and nearly made her cry to see Mrs. Sutton's eyes settle upon the hands quoted, and travel slowly over their length and breadth. They grew redder and thicker while the tour of inspection lasted. The handsome ring the girl wore seemed to make the finger it was upon

stand out in cruelly [strong relief, in a way it had never done before, poor Elly could have vowed. Miss Bowden's sole previous experience of great ladies (in her amiable ignorance she placed Mrs. Sutton at once in her list) had been gained from the squire's wife down at Bayford, a kindly old lady, before whom Elly never trembled and distrusted her own hands. But this remembrance brought her no relief now, as she sat wondering what it was that made her so different to her uncle's wife.

CHAPTER XI.

SELF-DECEPTION.

The winter months wore away, speedily for some of these people whose fortunes we are following, slowly for others, surely for all. Mrs. Lyon, for instance, found the life she had undertaken to lead for Miss Talbot's benefit very different to that which she had anticipated leading. There was less variety, less excitement, less dining out and dinner giving, less dressing, less dancing, less amusements altogether, and, consequently, less occasion for her to urge faint protests against dissipation than she had confidently looked forward to being able to do. Accordingly sometimes the hours lagged, and the days seemed long, and everything a mistake. On the other hand, Blanche, also, found it all very different to her preconceived fears. Now that Mr. Talbot had established Mrs. Lyon as Trixy's chaperone and guardian angel in society, he seemed quite contented to keep Trixy very much out of society. In short, he instituted a quiet, regular routine, which Blanche saw established with very great pleasure, and which she helped very materially to maintain in unbroken integrity.

'I have a good deal on my mind, and I do not care to go and stand about on other people's staircases just now; you must go without me, Trixy,' Edgar Talbot said to his sister, when an invitation for the whole party (which Mrs. Sutton had procured for them) arrived, shortly after Mrs. Lyon and her daughter

had come to live with them. 'Nor do I, not a bit, Edgar,' Trixy had replied, eagerly. Then Miss Talbot had gone on to give her brother several excellent and unanswerable reasons against her going out for awhile. And he being glad to keep his home circle intact, accepted them after a brief protest.

'But the Lyons! It's not fair to cage Miss Lyon here in solitude,' he said to his sister.

Trixy moved her shoulders with a little, impatient gesture. Something had made the girl very clear-sighted about many matters; and she saw, as in a crystal ball, that Blanche Lyon was as averse, or rather as indifferent, to miscellaneous gatherings as she was herself. Miss Talbot accounted for this fact very readily and very bitterly, when she condescended to take counsel of herself concerning it. The two young painters—the genuine artist, and the dashing amateur—were not about in the set to which Edgar and the Suttons had access; 'and she only cares to meet her cousin,' Trixy thought, indignantly, as she answered—

'Oh, a home life suits the Lyons best: they say so. Pray don't think of them.'

But Edgar did think of them, or, at least, of one of them, and pleased himself harmlessly by thinking what a good thing it was that 'a home life suited them best'; it suited him best too. When some of his ships came home—when some of the schemes now trembling in the balance between failure and success were assured of the latter—when, in fact, the scores of brilliant probabilities that had rather overset his judgment of late, and made him rash, resolved themselves into accomplished facts—then he would speed his wooing, and Blanche Lyon and he would have a home life worth living.

So he thought and hoped and planned for the future, and meanwhile tried to be very well satisfied with things as they were. Blanche Lyon was evidently becoming interested in him, he felt. She showed it in the thousand delicate, minute, almost imperceptible ways in which

a refined woman can show it, he assured himself. She was interested in his family, interested even in that praiseworthy but minor matter of his brother's success. In a conversation she had with him one day—a conversation in which she was quite carried out of the customary calm which marked her demeanour towards him—she spoke out some of her thoughts as to the relative merits of Mr. Bathurst's and Mr. Lionel Talbot's works in a way that nearly cured Edgar of his jealousy of the former. 'You compare them! You actually compare them!' she said, in the petulant tone of one who is stung out of all power of proving the comparison odious by its having been made at all. 'They are on such different levels that you must pull one up or drag the other down in doing it: it's not fair to your brother.'

'The time has not arrived, in your estimation, then, for Cæsar to be praised without derogating from Pompey.'

'Your quotation hardly fits the subject. If you do not feel what I do about it, Mr. Talbot, it is hopeless to try and teach you. I appreciate all Frank Bathurst has done, and is trying to do, and thinks he is trying to do. I think it is very good of him, in a way, to make the attempt to be something more than other people have made him; and I hope his picture will be well hung and well mentioned, and then he can go on painting and having something to think about; but it's absurd to compare him with your brother.'

She was a woman who emphasised her words ever so slightly, often laying the stress in the wrong place. In this case she rather softly breathed upon than emphasised the last word but one of her sentence. And Edgar Talbot felt that it would be well sometimes, perhaps, for his wife to be well disposed towards Lionel, all for his (Edgar's) sake, of course. Amongst other things, he had lately invested Lionel's money in some dazzlingly promising shares on his own account. When the bark of fortune came sailing in, he felt that it would be agreeable to

acknowledge the temporary obligation to Lionel, by giving him as large a share as he chose to take in the home life he (Edgar) contemplated. 'Do you really feel this about my brother?' he asked, almost tenderly; and Blanche turned her face full upon him, covered, as it was, with a quick, hot blush, as she replied, 'Indeed, I do; indeed, I do, Mr. Talbot.' He was resolved to bide his time. But his dream of bliss promised very fairly, he felt.

Meantime Mr. Frank Bathurst, in blest unconsciousness of the exact nature of his cousin's sentiments towards him, went on painting in and painting out his Venuses, and enjoying his life, and cherishing his own notions regarding the daphne, and finding the quiet evenings Lionel and he frequently spent at Edgar Talbot's house better than any other form of entertainment his wealth and position procured him. For some reason or other best known to himself, Mr. Talbot had not fulfilled his threat of requesting Lionel to keep Mr. Bathurst from familiar communion with the home circle. Marking Blanche's manner to Mr. Bathurst with the naturally impartial and unprejudiced eyes of a man who was in love with her himself, Edgar Talbot still saw nothing and feared nothing that could by any possibility affect his peace of mind about her. She was very frank and cordial with Mr. Bathurst; indeed, she talked a great deal more to that blithe and well-satisfied gentleman than she did to any one else. But—and in this, at least, Mr. Talbot did not deceive himself—though she talked to Frank Bathurst more than to any one else, he was far from being the most interesting person to her in the room. She talked to him, and openly expressed pleasure at seeing him; and that the pleasure was unfeigned was patent to any one who chanced to glance at her when the two young men would be announced, and she let him see that the relationship he so ardently claimed was an agreeable fact to her, which, indeed, it was, for the reasons given in a former chapter. So all these circumstances combined to make the quiet domestic evenings exciting and

delightful to Frank Bathurst. They were exciting enough to Trixy, too; but, perhaps, any one would have been justified in declaring them to be less than delightful to that young lady, as 'her eyes on all their motions with a mute observance hung' in a way that spoke eloquently to Lionel.

They were not seeing very much of the Suttons about this time. Mrs. Sutton laughed at the 'new order of things,' as she termed it, and in addition to laughing at them all, she had taken to opposing and irritating Edgar. Whatever hold Edgar had had upon her formerly was weakened now, evidently. She ceased to maintain the smallest appearance of respect for his opinions. She openly charged him to Beatrix with being unscrupulous about other people's feelings, fortunes, happiness, honour almost, when his own interests were at stake. Whatever his influence over her had been, she had freed herself from it; and she gloried in the freedom, and was more extravagant and vain, more frivolous and conspicuous than before; and Ellen Bowden was with her a great deal, and Mrs. Bowden began to hope that John Wilmot would soon cease to be a stumbling-block in her pretty daughter's path.

It may be mentioned here that Mrs. Bowden had been very acquiescent about that matter which had been the primary object of her journey to London. She had not only advanced money to her brother (whose own capital was farmed out under Edgar Talbot's advice), but she bought shares in her own and her children's names in more than one promising speculation. 'Mark was so prudent, far-seeing, honourable, and right-thinking altogether, that there must be safety in following where he led,' she argued, when some of her steady-going old country friends warned her against being led away and dazzled by the brazen images that were the reigning gods of the Stock Exchange. Her argument was unanswerable, for Mark Sutton's character for probity and caution was unassailable. Nevertheless, hints to the effect that 'even he might be mistaken sometimes'

were offered to, and disregarded by her. The greed of gain, the fever of gaining on a large scale, had seized Mrs. Bowden. What had been all-sufficient was now as nothing to her; and as her mental grasp was not broad, nor her brain remarkably bright and strong, she grew haggard and harassed over the ceaseless efforts she made to work out (theoretically) infallibly successful combinations. The occupations, interests, and pleasures of the present were all poor and tame to her by comparison with those that might fall to her lot in the future, if everything went well. On the other hand, if everything went ill, she might soon be reduced to such a position as would cause her present necessities to loom before her regretful vision in the proportions of luxuries. Her mind was much disturbed by these opposite possibilities, yet she had not the courage and resolution to free herself from their wearing influence by 'realizing,' even when she might have done so at a great gain. Golden dreams always led her on. Vague fancy beguiled her into believing that the feeling of unrest would pass away with the novelty. She began—being essentially a good-natured woman—to worry herself as to the way in which she should make her old country friends, with their rough manners and tones, quite at home and at their ease in the society of those new ones which her gold would gain her. Moreover, she was a good deal disturbed about Ellen. The girl had been left behind with the aunt, who seemed so anxious to efface all memory of her long-continued neglect by great kindness now—left behind with this aunt very much against her (Ellen's) will. Miss Bowden felt miserably dull and awkwardly out of place at first in the grand solitude to which Mrs. Sutton condemned her (Ellen) while she was unconsciously undergoing a process of polishing that was to render her a more useful instrument in Marian's hands. If Mrs. Sutton had possessed any principle and any honour, she would not have been a bad companion for a young, unformed country girl. As it was,

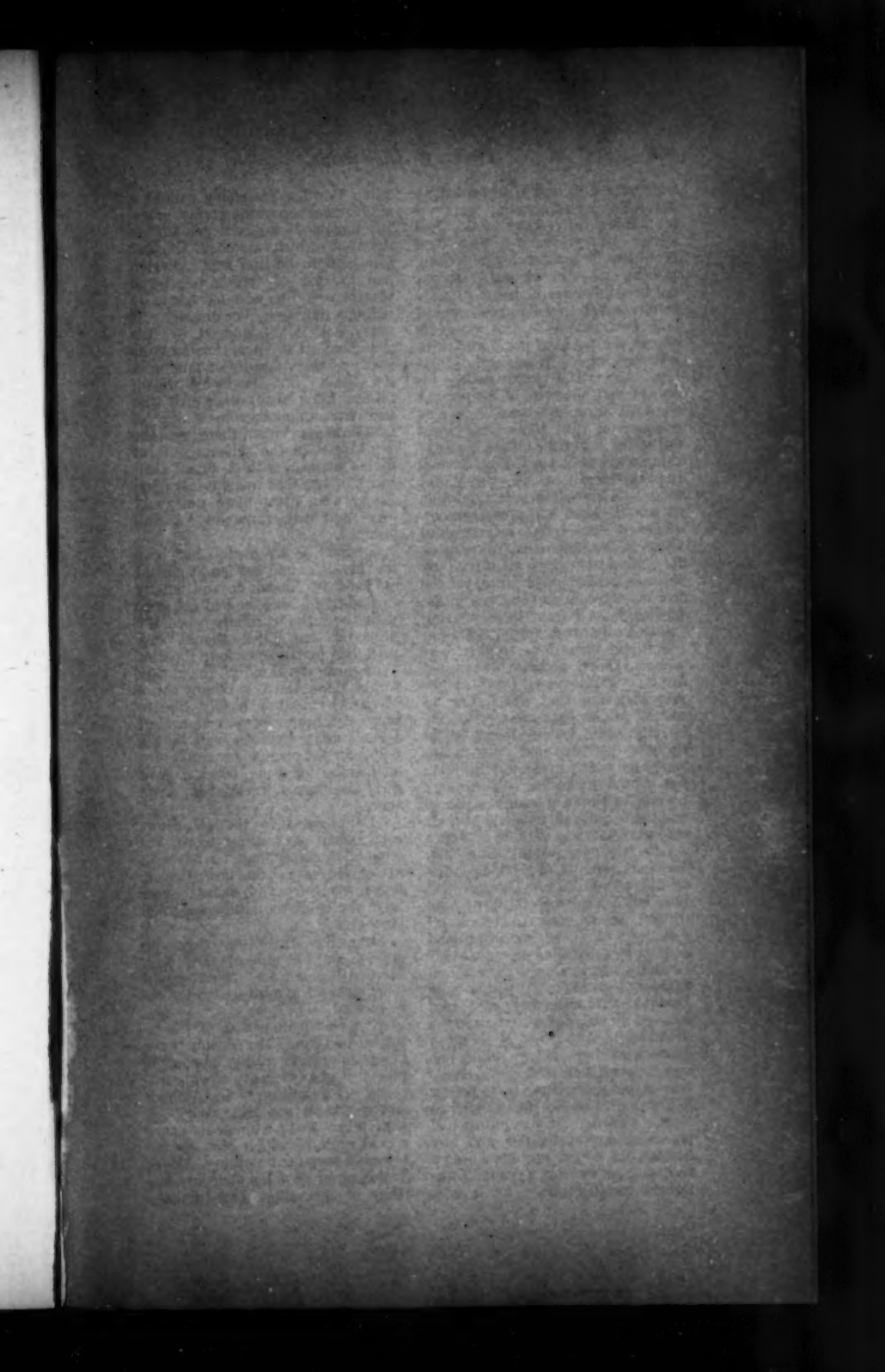
Ellen Bowden insensibly caught a slight reflection of the perfect grace, the unruffled ease, the smooth refinement which leavened all that Mrs. Sutton did and said. Marian had the art of telling her pupil what it would be well for her to do without addressing her directly. It must not be understood by this statement that Mrs. Sutton was guilty of the vulgarity of talking at her guest. But she had a way of telling Ellen about other girls who had the unmistakable stamp of 'gentlewoman' upon them; and she would put in the salient points of their manner with a firm, clear touch or two that was not lost upon Ellen, who grew more uniformly quiet, and at the same time less constrained.

Anxious as Mr. Sutton had been that his sister and her family should at least be known to and kindly treated by his wife, he had not gone with the latter cordially when she proposed that Ellen should stay with her for three or four months. 'You mean it so kindly' (he always would think the best of any act of Marian's), 'that I hardly like to throw cold water on your plan; but I can't fancy that she will be the better for the change, or much of a companion for you; besides, poor girl, she has a sweetheart down there.'

'I did mean it for the best. However, I shall say nothing more; the onus of deciding shall be left with her mother and you now, Mark; but I am sorry you should show them you think me a bad companion for the girl.'

After that Mr. Sutton offered no opinion on the subject; and Mrs. Bowden decided that Ellen should remain, as 'her aunt so kindly invited her.'

After that little period of probation or polishing, Mrs. Sutton gave her young charge plenty of change, plenty of gaiety, plenty of opportunities of forgetting John Wilmot and the vows she had exchanged with him. But a counter-influence was at work, of which Mrs. Sutton saw and suspected nothing. Mark Sutton never gave his niece any earrings, or marvellous ball-dresses—





Drawn by W. Small.]

"TRY TO KEEP FIRM AND TRUE."

[See "Playing for High Stakes."



• Drawn by W. Smith.]

"TRY TO KEEP FIRM AND TRUE."

[See "Playing the High Game".]

he left all that for Marian to do, and Marian was open-handed; but he gave Ellen something that the girl could not help valuing more highly than she did any of the things Mrs. Sutton lavished upon her. His gift was a good, genuine, uncalled-for opinion.

'So you're going to marry young Wilmot, Elly?' he said to her, when he was alone with her the first evening of her stay in his house.

'We both mean it now, I believe, uncle,' the girl replied, blushing a little.

'And you would be mightily annoyed if he was the first not to mean it, I suppose? But I would rather see you keep honest of the two. Don't make me curse the atmosphere of my home, Elly, by seeing you change in it. Try to keep firm and true: don't get false and fine in it, child.'

The girl looked up wonderingly as he stopped, choked by a sob. He had his handkerchief up to his face, and was trying to cough and cover his emotion, and, by so trying, making it much more apparent to the girl, to whom it revealed many things that he would willingly have concealed.

'I don't think I shall ever disappoint you in that way, uncle,' she said, feelingly. All her sympathies were aroused by that sudden rent in the veil which habitually fell over Mr. Sutton's domestic policy. All her sympathies were aroused, and yet she feared to betray that she felt any for him, or rather that she felt that there existed cause for her feeling any. It occurred to her, with painful force, that the atmosphere of his home must have been bad for some one, or why should he have warned her against growing 'false and fine.' The graceful lady who ruled his household and shared his name was fine in the sense that a delicately nurtured and carefully tended flower is so. It was just probable that she might be false also, Ellen thought, as she looked at the grieved, humiliated expression which came like a cloud over Mr. Sutton's honest open face.

So, though Miss Bowden's stay with the Suttons was prolonged far

beyond the original term of the invitation, she was not dazzled out of her allegiance to her old love, but remained for several months, at least, as entirely without reproach as Mr. John Wilmot was without fear on her behalf. Mrs. Sutton gave her plenty of amusement, and the girl liked it, for Marian had taken her niece's measure correctly, and only piped such airs as Ellen would care to dance to. Mrs. Sutton was possessed of a fine tact, that would have made her remarkable in a worthy way if she had been a better woman. As it was, it only aided in making her contemptible, but not contemptible to her niece yet. Indeed, Ellen Bowden constructed rather a fine character for Mrs. Sutton, and described the same in warm words to Mr. John Wilmot in one of the many letters that Marian was much too judicious to remark upon. If the girl had dared to do so, if she had not feared wounding the kind heart that so evidently preferred feeding upon itself, she would liked to have given her uncle the assurance that his wife never strove in the slightest degree to turn her into any dubious path. But after that one emphatic caution to her Mark Sutton had resolutely held his peace, and had given her no excuse for touching on the topic. Accordingly Ellen nursed her notions respecting the absolute freedom of her will in secrecy, and Mrs. Sutton marked the girl's sense of security in her own integrity of purpose, and took care not to disturb it. Meanwhile Ellen was becoming an ardent student of colour and form, and an untiring illustrator, on her own person, of her increase of knowledge on such matters, under the auspices of the clever dressmaker to whom Marian owed so much, in more ways than one.

CHAPTER XII.

DOWN AT HALDON.

Mr. Lionel Talbot's picture was hung in the middle room in such a situation that it could be seen even on the first of May, when a rapturous sense of art and a few other

motives urges every one in London to go to the Royal Academy. 'The *Battle of the Bards*' had been rejected; and '*Venus on Horses*' was unfinished, in consequence of the artist having tired of that type of beauty, since the day the daphne was picked up. So Mr. Bathurst was not represented at that year's exhibition—a thing he had set his heart upon being. The disappointment may seem slight to those who read of it; but in reality it was strong enough to make him take a temporary dislike to the scenes in which it had come upon him, and the haunts where it was well known. He wanted to go into the country, and he wanted Lionel to go with him. He owned a place away in a far-off county—a place that had been left to him by old Mr. Lyon; and he grew eloquent upon its delights one evening at Edgar Talbot's, interspersing his narrative concerning it with soft regrets and gentle remorse for having neglected it so long. 'I have never even seen it since it has been my own,' he said. 'Now I want a place to hide my diminished head in, I remember that there is "no place like home." I have given Lionel a full month to go and study the works of his contemporaries—a euphemism for going day after day and gazing fondly at his own pictures—even his insatiable vanity must be satisfied, so I shall drag him with me.'

The faces of all his auditors underwent considerable changes of expression as he spoke. They were still—though going out more than they had done at first—leading a comparatively quiet life. The presence of these two young men had come to be considered the brightest element in it.

'How we shall miss you, Lionel!' Beatrix exclaimed, quickly.

'And how we shall envy you both!' Blanche Lyon added, hastily.

'I wish some one would drag us all away for a week or ten days,' Edgar Talbot put in, wearily. June came fraught to him with no breath of roses and murmur of gurgling streams, but only with much addi-

tional dust and lassitude. 'I never felt anything like the heat in the city to-day; you fellows are lucky to be able to get out of it.'

'Lucky indeed, Mr. Talbot.' Mrs. Lyon spoke with a sort of ill-used tone—an expression of being debarred by perverse fate from all such delights as the country in June.

'Why can you not all come and stay with us?' Frank Bathurst asked animatedly of the whole group. 'Miss Talbot! do say you would like it; your roses want renovating. I speak as an artist, not as a man, you know! Get your brother to agree to it; the change would do them all good—wouldn't it, Lionel?'

'I hardly know,' Lionel answered, abstractedly. He had caught Miss Lyon's eager, hopeful glance, as it rushed out to search for acquiescent looks. 'It's not that she cares much for Frank's society,' he thought; 'perhaps she wishes to see the place of which she might have been mistress still, if she pleases. Do you care to go, Miss Lyon?' he asked aloud, abruptly.

She had let her hands and her work fall into her lap, in the excitement that possessed her while Frank Bathurst was wording his invitation. She could not succeed in raising them and going on untremblingly; so she put her work on the table and rose up, saying—

'Care to go! yes, more than I can say—if the whole party can go. I don't care to see the circle broken—do you, Trixy?'

'Oh no, we must all go,' Trixy replied, almost unconscious of what she was saying, by reason of her thinking at the same time, 'She means Frank.' Simultaneously Edgar Talbot was thinking 'She means me;' and Lionel was thinking her 'very lovely.'

'Talbot! we wait your decision,' Mr. Bathurst said, anxiously. 'Let us go all down and take possession of Haldon to-morrow; or Lionel and I would go to-morrow and prepare all things for the reception of the ladies and you the day after; say—shall it be so?'

'Why, we are going to the Opera

the night after,' Mrs. Lyon suggested, in accents in which the mingling of many feelings might be detected. The poor lady disliked packing, and liked being a martyr, and was therefore 'pleased, yet sad,' to find that fate had again interposed that slight obstacle the Opera. But Mr. Talbot swept it away: it was enough for him that Blanche wished for the country, and wished for his presence there. She should have both.

'We will go if the rest like the plan as well as I do,' he said, cheerfully; and after that there was no mistake about it. Blanche Lyon was very charming and kind to him for the rest of the evening. Assurance as to her having no other interest than himself in the projected visit was made doubly sure by his saying to her, 'What if Trixy should come away from Haldon pledged to go back as its mistress?' and her replying, 'I hope she will—I should like it of all things.'

'Really?' he asked, searchingly.

'Really and truly,' she answered, honestly; 'it is one of the dearest wishes of my heart that my cousin should marry your sister.'

'Will you hold the same language when you have seen Haldon?'

'How can I tell? I shall think the same thought—whether or not I shall word it so is more than I can answer for.'

'Don't you think that it's just probable that you may regret that you did not follow the plan old Mr. Lyon chalked out for you?'

She shook her head decidedly.

'Never—never a bit. If I had done so I should never have known——' She almost stopped, but seemed to think better of the weakness, and added the words 'any of you,' blushing warmly. It was a very unexpected move to him on her part, this frank confession that in knowing him there was full compensation for any loss of riches and power. An unexpected—a daring move. He had always heard, and always thought, that there was something unfeminine in a girl meeting a man half way in a declaration of love. But now, though it seemed to him that she was meeting

him half way, he could not accuse her of anything unfeminine. It made his heart beat higher with a better hope than he had ever known before, this thought, that in a few days he might be wandering through some sunlit forest glade with this lovely woman by his side, and no stern necessity for going into the city before him. He almost pitied Lionel for being the only one who would be without a special object down at Haldon.

The following morning, while they were busy in preparations for their ten days' stay in the country, Mrs. Sutton came to see Trixy, and learnt the move that was to be made the following day. The two girls, Blanche and Beatrix, had, under the influence of the sudden excitement of this unexpected break in their routine, come to rather a fairer understanding than was usual with them. It had flashed upon Trixy with an almost blinding light that Blanche was truthful in the sort of affectionate indifference she professed for Frank Bathurst. They both guarded their respective secrets jealously; and so neither liked to speak openly to the other about that which was nearest to the other's heart. Still, though this reserve was maintained, Blanche had spoken of her cousin to Miss Talbot, and had, in a way, seemed to withdraw from any claim on his attention. In short, Blanche had perceived, at last, that her frank friendliness of demeanour towards her cousin was being misinterpreted by Miss Talbot into a flirtation, and that this misinterpretation was causing Miss Talbot much misery. So she had held aloof from Mr. Bathurst, and by this means had got much nearer to Beatrix, who was consequently ill-disposed towards having Miss Lyon's motives and manners underrated by Marian.

'I am not surprised at anything Edgar does,' Mrs. Sutton said, sweetly. 'It may suit him to be considered eccentric—madmen never do get such hard measures dealt to them as sane ones when their schemes fail and look black; but you! what makes you anxious to adorn Miss Lyon's train when she goes husband-hunting?'

'Really, Marian, I cannot agree to such things being said of Blanche—you quite misjudge her.'

'Do I?' Mrs. Sutton replied, mimicking her sister's earnestness. 'Perhaps I misjudged her when I found her flirting violently with my husband in the Grange garden?—asking him "to take her part against his wife," and fooling him because there was no one else to fool.'

'I can't believe it of her.'

'Well, dear,' Mrs. Sutton said, pathetically, 'I only hope that when you have a husband she won't quite poison his mind against you; but those frank women who express the liking they have so very openly, that "there can be no guile in it," innocents think,—don't I know them well? are they not dangerous? Frank Bathurst is just a bit of wax in her hands, to be moulded as she pleases.'

'Why take any interest in them, when you think so badly of them both?' Trixy urged, bitterly. Mrs. Sutton had made the girl's heart ache again with the hardest ache the human heart can know—doubt of the one loved.

'My interest is vicarious: you are my sister, and I don't want to see you left in the lurch either as Miss Talbot or Mrs. Bathurst, through Blanche Lyon's machinations. I shall never forget what I felt that day when I heard her talking so shamefully of me to Mark—actually traducing me to my own husband!' (Mrs. Sutton improved this episode, it may be mentioned, each time she reverted to it.) 'Think what it would have been, Trixy, if I had married him for love!'

'I really can't think, Marian,' Trixy said, dejectedly. 'I am quite tired of thinking about it; and let her take Mr. Bathurst in Heaven's name,' she added, suddenly; 'I want none of them.'

'Exalted sentiment that you will desert, it strikes me, if "one of them" wants you, Trixy; if I were you I would just bear in mind what I said to you once about men with those heavenly blue eyes and their powers of falling in love with every loveable earthly creature they meet,

accept the fact, marry him, and make the best of it!'

'Perhaps I should, if I were you,' Trixy replied, and then Mrs. Sutton got up to go away, remarking sweetly, that, 'It was no wonder Trixy got cross about it—why didn't she make a stand against that Lyon companionship at once and for ever!'

'Because I have nothing to say against her,' Trixy answered, plucking up a small spirit at parting; 'because I really do like her very much—so much that I hate to hate her as you always succeed in making me, Marian, and—come now—because I think she likes my brother as well as he likes her.'

'Then, good-bye,' Mrs. Sutton replied, with a shrug and a smile; 'ask me to Haldon in the autumn, and get Mr. Bathurst to concentrate his energies on another picture, that it may be ready to be rejected next year, while I am there; his attentions rather bore me, good-bye—come back with brighter roses in your cheeks, Trixy—pallor makes you look old.'

So they kissed and parted.

Meantime, while Mrs. Sutton was kindly employed in making things pleasant by her sympathy and sisterly advice to Beatrix, Mr. Bathurst and Lionel Talbot were on their way to Haldon. It was not an eventful journey, therefore the events of it need not be chronicled. For the first hour of the journey the two men amused themselves over 'Punch' and the morning papers. Then they tried to talk to each other, and failed by reason of having nothing particular to say, and each having much to think about; then they tried to sleep—a futile proceeding on a bright, clear June morning. Then they reached Swindon, and changed into a carriage where they were free to smoke and be happy for the remainder of the journey. At six o'clock in the evening they ran into the station that was the nearest to Haldon; and at half-past seven a fly, procured from that station, rumbled up to the entrance-door of Haldon House.

It was a house that, at first sight, seemed wanting in comparison with

the grounds through which they had driven to gain it. The broad stone-bastioned gates, surmounted by the Lyons' crest, a hand holding a hatchet, admitted them into a wide turf-bordered drive. Far back on either side thick woods undulated up and down the hills through which the drive was deftly made to turn and bend in a way that deceived the stranger as to the extent of the park in the most honourable and picturesque manner. Gradually this drive lost its open character; the woods on either side thickened and contracted themselves upon it, and presently it took a bold turn round a precipitous bank, down the slope of which an impetuous little rill gurgled, and passed under, along up to the principal front of the house, between two fine rows of beech-trees, through whose foliage the sinking sun had a hard struggle to cast even so much as the reflection of one ruddy ray upon the ground.

The chief front was not imposing. The entrance door was a small Gothic mistake in the flat, plain, grey surface of that side of the house. The windows were narrow and unornamented, and there was nothing but arid gravel immediately under them. From the right end of the house a rolling sweep of lawn led the eye away to a silver lake, whose banks were fringed heavily with a great variety of flowering shrubs and drooping trees, every graceful twig and flower of which was reflected vividly in the limpid water below. To the left, a high-wall, running out straight from the house to a length of about one hundred feet, enclosed the fruit and vegetables. And further away still, on the same side, a winding path, bordered with blocks of stone and huge trunks of trees, whose rugged surfaces were rendered beautiful by being covered with creeping plants, led away to the stables and out-buildings. In spite of that severely plain, sombre-looking front, there was both beauty and grandeur in this house, to which Mr. Bathurst brought his friend for the first time—the house that might have been *Blanche Lyon's*.

He had never been to Haldon since it had been his own, and now he was surprised to find how different an aspect it assumed to that it had ever had before. The sense of possession brought out all his powers of appreciation as he drove along the avenue and finally stopped at the door. Feeling elated, it was only natural to Frank Bathurst to give voice to his elation. 'I wish I had let you come alone to prepare for them, Lionel,' he exclaimed, as he got out and turned his eyes on the lake. 'I should like to have come down with them. I should like to see what they will think of it all as they come up.'

'Can't you do that as it is? Go to meet them,' Lionel suggested.

'No, no, that won't do; I should have to go in a station cab—an ignominious way of going out to welcome them.' Then the door was opened, and their portmanteaus and themselves taken into the hall; a small band of much-startled servants, headed by a housekeeper who would have felt more pleasure at the sight of them if she had been prepared for it, came to meet them.

'The serfs are not glad through Lara's wide domain,' Frank Bathurst said, laughing, as he went with Lionel into a room that the housekeeper declared to be the only one fit for use. 'It will do very well,' he added, turning to that potentate. 'Mr. Talbot and I want nothing better until to-morrow; to-morrow we have a large party coming down, and then I should like the house to be in order.'

This expression of his hopes brought a terribly long explanation upon him; but Frank Bathurst was one of those good-natured men who can listen to an 'o'er-long tale' with a smile and a certain air of interest, even satisfaction. Mrs. Kennet had few servants, as he knew; the establishment had been greatly reduced at her old master's death. 'It was fortunate—she would venture to say that it was very fortunate—that she should happen to have her sister in the house just at present: her sister had lived cook in more than one place where they was that particular that she saw no fear of the dinners

being satisfactory.' Then another fortunate fact made itself known—her 'sister's husband chanced to be there too—and (a still more providential circumstance) he chanced to be a butler out of place.' In fact, luck seemed to be very much in Mr. Bathurst's path, for though he had come down without note of warning, fate was on his side; the two daughters of Mrs. Kennet's sister, both of them housemaids, both, by a strange freak of fortune, out of place, both pearls of great price, were 'here in the very house, and might, no doubt, be persuaded to remain.'

Indeed, the whole family were persuaded to remain, and Mr. Bathurst had every reason to take them at their relative's valuation, and be grateful for the boon of their services. Haldon was quite far enough removed from every other human habitation for an unexpected raid, such as its owner had made upon it, to be an inconvenience—more than that, a difficulty—to the one who had to cater for him. Mrs. Kennet was too replete with dignified sense of her own unspotted character as a manager, to make a sign that might indicate a doubt before her young master. After putting the state of the household before him impartially, and making him feel the full force of the obligation he owed to fate and her family for the latter being there—she retired to bestir her inventive faculties about a dinner for the two tired travellers. It was all very well for her master to say 'anything will do for us to-night, Mrs. Kennet;' but this was Wednesday, and she had nothing in the house for him, and if she sent to the village (two miles off) she could not count on getting any fresh meat. There was nothing for it but to rise to the occasion, and heroically sacrifice the supper she had designed for herself and her friends to the hungry, unwelcome, and unexpected ones. This being the case, it is small wonder that both Mrs. Kennet and her sister, who had to cook it now in another way for other lips, should have lost their tempers over the chicken and rabbit they respectively roasted and curried—or that the

butler should have sighed over the vanity of earthly hopes as he was ordered away to the land-bailiff's house to fetch the key of the cellar, in order that the viands which had been designed for him might be washed down with generous draughts of wine by his master.

'They will have to work to get the place as I mean it to be by to-morrow night, won't they?' Frank Bathurst said to Lionel, as they strolled about from room to room, and marked the desolation and decay that had come over everything. 'The library's good,' he continued, opening the door of a dark, finely-proportioned room that was literally lined from floor to ceiling with books; 'but it's too dull to venture in to-night; there's a small attempt at an ancestral portrait gallery in the corridors; shall we go and look at it, and see if Blanche is like any of them?'

'If you like,' Lionel answered, turning round sharply, and commencing the ascent of the stairs at once. Mr. Bathurst followed more slowly, still talking.

'I wonder what she will think of it all, Lal? it will be queer for her to come here and feel that she might have had it all if she hadn't been such a chivalrous little thing that she couldn't stoop to seem to fawn and flatter the poor old fellow. Not much—these pictures, are they? might be better lighted too, eh? Every one of them got in Wardour Street,' he continued, lounging along in front of them with his hands in his pockets, giving a careless glance at each as he passed; 'it's utterly impossible that Lely could have painted every one's great-great-grandmother, you know; no, not one of them a bit like Blanche. I shall get her to sit to me when she comes down, and give her portrait the place of honour in the gallery; in fact, I have a great mind to clear out all these and hang the *Battle of the Bards* here—fill the gallery with my own works. I'm not a Lyon, so I'm not bound to respect these shams; I'll hear what Blanche says about it.'

'She will weed out a few of them willingly, I fancy,' Lionel replied, when Frank Bathurst ceased speaking at last; 'but only transpa-

rent shams—any that are good she will give the benefit of the doubt.’

‘That’s a good pose,’ Frank said, suddenly stopping before the portrait of a lady, and then stepping back to get a better light on it. ‘Look, Lal! there is something in that!—three blues—fillet, dress, and shawl all different shades—yet harmonising perfectly; I should like Blanche to sit to me in such a velvet dress. Why, she has a bit of daphne in her hand!’

‘And what of it?’ Lionel asked, indifferently. He thought the picture superb in colouring and composition; but he was tired of hearing Mr. Bathurst’s artistic plans relative to ‘Blanche,’ and the daphne said nothing to him.

‘It’s about the most extraordinary coincidence I ever heard of,’ Frank muttered, as he tore himself away from the contemplation of the picture at last. Then he went on to wonder what Blanche would think when he showed her the picture, and her bright glance fell on the flower the lady held. Would it speak touchingly, thrillingly to her, as it did to him? Then there darted through his mind a conviction that everything was tending towards the desirable end of Miss Lyon having what would have been her own if she had not been obstinate. He—the happy possessor—was magnanimously ready to love and marry the woman who pleased his taste better than any other whom he had ever seen. She, judging from the daphne incident, was equally ready to love and marry him. Even the weather seemed likely to favour the wooing—how could the latter but speed fast and favourably in such leafy glades as were around on every side, under the clear blue sky and the warm, bright sun of June?

So he thought, as he walked lightly along, whistling a waltz, to join Lionel, who was standing looking rather dull at the end window. It struck Mr. Frank Bathurst as he came up that there was something rather inconsiderate and ill-timed in Lionel looking dull or feeling dull, when he (Frank) was just realizing how very happy and prosperous he was. The view of his own pleasant

lands—the prospect of his own future bliss—the thought of the rich reward he was contemplating bestowing upon worthy beauty—were one and all such enlivening considerations that he felt Lionel to be wanting, in that he remained uninfluenced by them. A friend who showed himself slow to rejoice, whether he saw cause for it or not, when Mr. Frank Bathurst rejoiced, was not a friend exactly after Mr. Frank Bathurst’s heart. ‘What’s the matter with you, Lal?’ he asked, languidly, as Lionel continued to gaze gloomily out of the window; ‘are you thinking that this part of the country will do as well as Wales for the sketching tour in August? I am.’

‘No,’ Lionel replied; ‘I was thinking that perhaps we all work the same mine, rich as it is, too freely; I shall leave Wales to men who have something to tie them near home, and go to Algeria.’

‘Has anything gone wrong with you, Lal?’ asked Mr. Bathurst, with a wistful look in his blue eyes, and a most unusual hesitation in his tones. But Lionel shook his head, and laughed so cheerily at the supposition, and met Frank’s wistful eyes so dauntlessly, that Mr. Bathurst was quite reassured. ‘Let us go down by the lake, and smoke a cigar in the moonlight,’ the master of Haldon said, taking his guest by the arm and leading him back along the corridor; ‘you frightened me for a minute, Lal, by talking of Algeria; whatever comes to me, old boy, I can’t spare you.’

Then they neither of them spoke again for some time, not indeed until they had reached the border of the lake and sent up several light wreaths of smoke. Then Lionel Talbot looked back at the massive pile, the finest side of which fronted them now, and said—

‘Whatever the autumn sees me doing, Frank, you ought to give up roaming; such a place as this deserves to be inhabited.’

‘Ye-es,’ Frank answered, lazily. The rippling lake at his feet, the star-studded sky, the beauty of the moon-lighted scenery around, were all shedding their soft influences

upon him. His memories of bygone days and nights under southern skies, by lovelier lakes, were dreamily reawakening. It was pleasant to him to think and remember; so he went on thinking and remembering, and paying no manner of heed to Lionel's suggestive speech. It was only one form—a harmless one—of his gay selfishness to be rather inattentive to anything that did not interest him at the moment.

'Who was the fellow who wrote something about a lake?' he asked, presently.

'Several fellows have written something about a lake,' Lionel answered, laughing; and Frank withdrew his cigar from his lips for a moment, and said, as he sent many perfect rings of smoke circling away into the air, 'I meant Moore. I was thinking of—'

"By that lake, whose gloomy shores
Skylark never warbles o'er,"

and congratulating myself upon my lake being so much more congenial to my temperament.' Then he strolled on a few yards into a broader moonbeam, and went on to remark upon the fact of its being a 'small wonder that the one for whom Mariana was weary should have kept her waiting so long, since Tennyson chose to plant her in a house where mice shrieked in mouldering wainscots, and rusted nails and broken sheds and other marks of desolation and decay abounded.'

'It's just possible that Mariana might have been worth the braving all those disagreeable sights,' Lionel said, pursuing the fanciful theme.

'No, no; the mistress of the Moated Grange must have been an untidy woman—a sort of Miss Havisham without the Estella; that sort of thing must have gone on for many years too, or the place couldn't have got into such a state—an old Mariana with her cheeks fallen in and her hair thin, and a general air of dowdiness about her, by reason of her dress being old-fashioned; that's what it would be, if one realized the subject properly and painted it.'

'Don't,' Lionel replied.

'Well, I'm not likely to,' Frank

said; then he added, rather inconsequently, 'but I was looking at that little island there, and thinking what a jolly sort of prison the Lady of Shalot had—'

"Four grey walls and four grey towers
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalot."

There we have it all. That laurel rises like a tower in the island. All we want—'

'Is the lady,' Lionel interrupted.

'And we shall have her to-morrow night,' Frank replied; he was thinking indifferently of both the beautiful women who were coming. But Lionel fancied that his friend thought only of Blanche. Perhaps it was that his fraternal pride was jealous about Beatrix. At any rate, he made no response to Frank's remark about her being there to complete the picture to-morrow night; and so the conversation flagged, and they soon felt that it would be well to go in.

'To-morrow night she will be here.' This was the text on which Lionel Talbot preached a brief, bitter little sermon to himself, as he stood at his bedroom window looking out over Frank Bathurst's lawn and lake. 'To-morrow night she will be here; she, with her keen eye for the beautiful, will be glancing over glade and alley, terrace and turf, lake and inland; all will be spread out before her, and she will remember that all might have been her own, and then, naturally, she being a woman, her heart will warm to the man she has benefited; and the thought will arise that it may be hers still, and by the time the thought and the wish and the love she'll soon feel for him are realized—well, I shall be in Algeria.'

It wearied, worried, tantalized, and perplexed him through all the visions of the night. 'To-morrow night she will be here,' that bright, brave, beautiful, young gentlewoman born, who had carried on the wearing strife so gallantly, who had never flinched at poverty, and to whom it would now come pleasantly and easily to be rich and happy at one stroke! It seemed to Lionel

Talbot that Frank was just the man to win any untouched heart. He had pretty well fathomed poor Trixy's feelings on the subject, but Blanche's were beyond him. Love was often born of expediency, he reflected. On the other hand, Blanche was scarcely the sort of woman to create a sentiment out of an obligation. 'God bless her! however it goes,' he thought, as the grey dawn chased the languid June night away; and he fell asleep from sheer weariness.

Frank had remained awake a very little time, thinking so affably and kindly of every one of whom he thought at all. He was delighted with himself, for instance, for having thought of coming down and of collecting such a pleasant party as it promised to be. He was enchanted with Haldon! Of old it had never possessed half the charm and importance it now held for him. He had often suspected that there was a rich vein of humbug in that phrase that 'the poor man who walks through a beautiful park has as much pleasure in the same as the noble lord who owns it.' Now his suspicions were verified, and he was very sure, from the most agreeable experience, that he preferred being the noble lord. He was satisfied with Mrs. Kennet, and with his good fortune in coming into undisputed possession of such excellent servants, and with the prospect of the companionship of the two girls who were coming the following day, and with his own intentions respecting one of them, and with everything, indeed, save Lionel Talbot's resolve to go to Algeria.

'That won't do at all,' he muttered, sleepily; 'we must all talk him out of that.' Here his amiable intentions grew vague and undefined, and he slept the sleep that waits on sound digestion and an untroubled conscience.

The empire of the night was peace down at Haldon, but up in Victoria Street it was tribulation and woe for one of the members of one household. Edgar Talbot had been at home the greater part of the day. It was astonishing, he said himself, how greatly the necessity lessened

for being present at the centre of business action when a man decided upon putting himself beyond the possibility of attending it for some time. He had been happy and cheerful and 'young,' Trixy declared, during the whole of the day. Very much to their surprise, he had attended the two girls on a little shopping expedition they made, and, still more to his own surprise, he found himself liking it, for Blanche Lyon consulted his taste several times, declaring that Mr. Lionel Talbot's brother must know better than she did which colour would go well with another. It was very flattering to him, Edgar Talbot felt, that Blanche should think so highly of his brother. It made him think more kindly than ever of Lionel, and he always had thought kindly of and been affectionately disposed towards Lionel, be it remembered. He bought his sister a wonderful hat to wear down at Haldon, and exchanged significant glances with Blanche when the latter said that 'it was just the shaped hat Frank liked—no feather tumbling over the brim to spoil that perfect outline.' Then he had gone gaily home with them rather earlier than he wished, because they both declared that they had a great deal of packing to do, which must be done by daylight. 'You don't consider what time muslins take, Mr. Talbot,' Blanche said to him, with a laugh, when he pleaded that they 'should go into the park now.' 'There's a sad want of proportion between the dresses we are going to take and the trunks we are going to put them in.'

'Why not go just as you are—you couldn't look nicer—and not trouble yourselves about packing?' he said, looking at their clear, crisp muslin robes.

'Ah, you don't know what mighty efforts are requisite to obtain even such small results. I should be sorry to answer for the effect on Mr. Bathurst's nerves if we appeared before him to-morrow in the damp of the evening in these dresses that now strike you as all-sufficient for the whole time of our stay. No, we must go home.'

Accordingly he went with them, and found Mr. Sutton waiting for him in a little room with a window in the roof, that was dedicated to business interviews. One glance at his brother-in-law's face showed Edgar Talbot that there was something wrong.

'You have got rid of those —?' Mr. Sutton said, interrogatively, mentioning some shares in a projected railway from one little-known corner of the earth to another even more remote and less frequented.

'Not exactly: that is'—Edgar Talbot stammered, hesitated, stopped, then cried out, 'you don't mean to tell me it's too late.'

'Read that,' Mr. Sutton answered; and Edgar sat and read—in what words it matters not—it is sufficient to say that they told him that one of his barks of fortune was wrecked in port; one of his golden dreams had melted away, leaving him a very much poorer man, not only in reality but in the knowledge of the world that knew of his investments.

He felt himself to be considerably crippled in his resources, and when he was able to realize it he confessed to Mark Sutton that he was so crippled, and that he regretted having tied the 'millstone of this establishment' about his neck. 'You'll right yourself in time if you're prudent,' Mark rejoined; 'meantime,' he added, feelingly, 'it's a good thing, a very happy thing, that you're not married. Let Beatrix come to her sister; that will be a fair excuse for dispensing with Mrs. Lyon.'

'Thanks; but I can't do that well,' Edgar replied.

'Why not?'

'Oh, I can't do it well,' Edgar repeated. He could not bear the thought of loosening any link that might be formed between Blanche and himself. In the midst of the sharp pain he felt at having lost a fortune, there was alleviation in the thought of Blanche Lyon. The vision of her in her bright, bonnie beauty, as she had walked by his side that day, made him feel this life worth having, the eternal battle of it worth fighting. She was a good motive power. Other fortunes were to be won, and should be won for her. His was not by any means a nature to turn to pleasure and shirk pain. Still, now he could not help feeling that to-morrow was very near, and that then he would be on his way to flowery glades and forests green with Blanche Lyon. For a while at least he would banish his business and turn his back upon trouble: for a while June and Blanche and flowers and fresh air should have all his heart and soul. Mark Sutton marvelled to see the ambitious young man bear the first bad blow—the first sharp reverse he had ever met with—so well. It touched the man, whose heart had ached sadly with sorrowful foreboding, when called upon to tell the tidings, that Edgar should receive them so steadily. It touched Mr. Sutton more to hear Edgar's parting words, 'Good-bye, old fellow; I'm glad I haven't crippled you, any way!'

CHANGES.

'Each heart has its somebody.'

OH, Alice! what are you doing,
Sitting alone in your room?
The others downstairs are dancing;
You must not stay in the gloom.
What is the matter, my darling?
Your voice is husky with tears;
And your cheek was wet when I kissed it—
There—whisper—nobody hears.

No answer—must I conjecture?
Is some one you love to blame?
Has somebody cross'd or vex'd you?
Hush, dearest, I use no name!
There's no need to flush so crimson,
For what have I said or done?
Isn't somebody some one's darling?
Each heart has its Number One!

Come, lift up those drooping lashes,
And give me your hand to hold;
Look for a moment at me, dear—
Am I not wrinkled and old?
Nay, smile not, I mean it, Alice;
There's reason in what I said.
I know how the world regards me—
I'm only a poor old maid.

Oh, Alice! I'm weak in crying;
But the mere touch of your arms,
Which circle my neck in pity,
Calls up the old past, and warms
My spirit with bygone visions.
I see, in a far review,
The days when somebody loved me,
And I was a girl like you.

Perhaps you will scarce believe it,
But, a long long time ago,
I'd a face that was not uncomely,
And I'd friends who told me so.
This wrinkled skin then was polish'd,
These dim eyes were clear and bright,
My hair had a shade as golden
As yours when you face the light.

And thus—but it seems a fable
When you cannot even trace
A remnant of youth and beauty
On my sorrow-graven face;
When scarcely a friend about me
Knows even my Christian name—
Well, all I can hope is, Alice,
Your lot will not prove the same!

It was not my fault entirely;
Yet somehow I learnt too late
Brotherly love and sympathies
To nurture and cultivate.
Perhaps if I'd done so sooner
I might not be standing here,
With never a friend but you, love,
To yield to my tale a tear.

Listen! I'll tell you what happen'd—
The same happens ev'ry day;
Somebody told me he loved me,
And I gave my heart away!
We parted—he named a twelvemonth;
He vow'd to be true and trust.
Ah, well!—I will put it briefly—
His vows were written in dust!

We parted—and worse than distance
 Was the world that crept between;
 The glowing lights of the present,
 Which deadened what once had been.
 He forgot me when I was absent,
 He went after something new—
 Alice, don't look so indignant,
 'Tis what hundreds of people do!

I waited—oh, how I waited!—
 I never would lend an ear
 To evil reports that reached me;
 I waited with scarce a fear.
 I wondered about his silence,
 But never about his *faith*;
 If I had not heard for certain,
 I had waited unto death.

I waited—the tide of pleasure
 Flowed soft to my weary feet;
 And suitors and friends press'd round me
 With murmurings fond and sweet;
 But I pass'd them all by unheeded,
 Their friendship would never do
 For one who was waiting for somebody—
 For one who was firm and true.

It came, after months of waiting—
 That signal of dark despair—
 Men spoke of my friend as married,
 And said that his wife was fair.
 Oh! far, far the bitterest trial
 The tidings could afford
 Was not that his love was lost to me,
 But that he broke his word.

Now long years of toil and trouble
 Have cast a tremulous shade
 Over that moment of anguish;
 Old Time has made sorrow fade.
 I can tell my Alice about it,
 Which I could not have done before;
 But when Time has acted as plaster
 We may venture to touch a sore.

My heart is as whole as ever—
 You smile as you wipe that tear;
 But, Alice, it only gathered
 At sight of your sorrow, dear!
 It's just what I meant to tell you;
 No trouble is sent in vain.
 If I had not suffered myself,
 I'd not understood your pain.

Come, if you misdoubt my meaning,
 I'll tell you what chanced to-night.
 Did you see that old man downstairs,
 Whose hair was so thin and white?
 If I remember properly,
 You stood in the corridor
 When, in the throng of careless guests,
 He came through the entrance-door.



Drawn by J. D. Watson.]

CHANGES.

Do you remember our meeting;
 Our hands how quietly clasped;
 The long, calm gaze in each other's eyes;
 And the silence that elapsed,
 Before our hearts recovered speech?
 Well, people would never have thought
 That he had once been my somebody;
 Even *you* discovered nought.

Yes, it is just as I tell you—
 After many bitter years
 We met, with no show of feeling,
 No sighings, reproaches, tears.
 We met but as mere acquaintance,
 With greetings constrained and cold;
 Only a glance of wonder
 That each should have grown so old.

He spoke—but his *very* accents
 Were changed from their former tone,
 That querulous voice was never
 The voice of my love—my own;
 'Twas the voice of the gouty husband
 Of her in maroon and lace,
 Who sat by Sir John at dinner,
 And grew so red in the face.

Well, Alice, this world of ours
 Is made up of changing things;
 We, too, are part of its changes,
 For we, too, are born with wings.
 We're changing our nature daily,
 And worms will be by-and-by
 Transformed into shining angels,
 Which neither can change nor die.

So, Alice, don't sit here moping
 And sighing for some *one's* sake;
 When the world is made up of changes
 There's no fear your heart will break;
 For even the loved and injured
 Get over the pain at last,
 Grow wiser, calmer, and better
 For lessons learnt in the past.

And, Alice, one thing is certain—
 Whene'er we are grieved by change
 We return with renewed affection
 To One whom no years estrange.
 'Tis comfort to mete His kindness,
 And feel it can never end;
 Oh, Alice!—I've proved it daily—
 God is the old maid's friend.



LILY'S LOSS.

CHAPTER I.

MR. BRAMWELL was a Bristol merchant, and he owned a charming house and grounds within a stone's throw of the Durdham Down.

One fine July evening several people were collected together in Mr. Bramwell's garden, sitting in a group on the lawn under a laurel hedge. Two ladies, strikingly alike in features, but with a sufficient disparity of age to show their relationship, were in the centre of the group, on a garden seat. Around them were several gentlemen, Mr. Bramwell's particular friends, and most of them, like himself, merchants in the good old city of Bristol. They had all been invited to celebrate the wedding-day of their host and hostess, the latter of whom, who was the eldest of the two ladies on the garden seat, was in the highest possible spirits, and, by her gaiety and unaffected manner, completely fascinated the little group collected around her.

Lily Bramwell, who sat by her mother's side, was unusually quiet and reserved, and by no means shared her mother's flow of spirits, or joined in the animated conversation in which her father's friends were engaged.

She kept turning her eyes every now and then towards the garden-gate, as if expecting that some one would put in an appearance from that quarter, whose presence she either particularly desired or dreaded. It might have been either the one or the other.

Each time that the wheels of a carriage were heard, she seemed to tremble; and as each fresh visitor arrived, a cloud of annoyance or disappointment stole over her face. She received their congratulations awkwardly; and, having replied to their pretty little compliments with some ordinary set speech, she turned away her head and the old melancholy expression came back. There was but one sentence to be read in those

soft blue eyes, now quite misty with scarcely-restrained tears—

'Will he never come?'

A lively conversation was still kept up among Mr. Bramwell's guests, several of whom had noticed Lily's reserved manner, though of course without making the slightest allusion to it. The conversation ran from business matters to politics, from politics to the ordinary gossip of the day; and when once fairly started on this always-engrossing topic, one of the guests alluded to the sudden appearance in Bristol of a young lady of extraordinary beauty. She was of Italian extraction, he said, and reported to be of very good family, and to possess a large fortune. She had only been in England a very few days; and on the afternoon of the previous day she had been seen for the first time on her brother's arm at a flower fête in the Clifton Zoological Gardens. Her brother, Luigi Amato, was well known in Bristol.

Every one who had seen the beautiful foreigner was especially loud in her praise on this occasion. Still, Lily Bramwell took no interest in the conversation, and did not appear to hear what they were talking about. The name, which was being repeated again and again, was not unfamiliar to her.

Luigi Amato had been in Bristol for more than a year, and Lily had heard him constantly alluded to. Young, rich, and gifted with a lively imagination, and unusually charming manner, he had made a decided, and by no means an unfavourable impression at all the houses to which he had been invited. But what did Lily care about young Amato, and his taste for music, and soft tenor voice, and powers of fascination, when her mind at this moment was absolutely on the rack, all for a certain somebody who was invited and expected, but who had never come.

It was now very close upon dinner-time, and Lily's uneasiness was becoming more and more apparent. All the guests but one had arrived. The deserter was Arthur Dayrell, a young Bristol merchant, and the fiancé of Lily Bramwell. What could possibly be the meaning of Arthur's forgetfulness? If unwell, why had no message been received?

On such an occasion it must be business of the utmost importance, or neglect of the most unwarrantable nature, which could keep Arthur away from Mr. Bramwell's house, and his pretty daughter's side. No wonder, then, that Lily Bramwell was reserved, and that she looked so unusually sad.

Dinner was announced, and they all left the garden and walked towards the dining-room. Just before entering, a servant put a note into Mr. Bramwell's hand. He just glanced at it, and addressing his wife, said—

'I am sorry to tell you that Arthur Dayrell can't come to-day. He is detained in the city by sudden and most urgent business, and begs me to convey to you all sorts of apologies and regrets.'

Lily Bramwell looked sadder than ever; and, had it not been that she knew that all eyes were turned towards her, some of the tears which came welling to her eyes must have escaped, in spite of all her efforts to restrain them.

'By-the-by,' said an old grey-headed gentleman, 'before I left the Commercial Rooms this afternoon, an ugly rumour was abroad. Report has it that Dayrell's house has been engaged in a ruinous speculation.'

Several of the guests here added fresh items of news to the rumour, which they all appeared to have heard in the city.

'I'm afraid Dayrell's house won't stand such shocks as these,' said Mr. Bramwell; 'I've heard his credit is not over good, as it is.'

'Let's hope he'll tide over it,' said the old gentleman, in a tone of voice which implied that, in his opinion, there was no chance whatever of such a contingency.

'Ruined!' said Lily to herself. 'I never expected such a blow as this.'

The dinner was not altogether a success. They had got upon disagreeable topics. Lily's melancholy was infectious; and soon Mr. and Mrs. Bramwell were attacked with the same malady. The evening passed away wearily, and at a tolerably early hour the party was broken up. The day, which had commenced under such happy auspices, had but a miserable termination.

Day after day passed away, and still Arthur Dayrell never came near the Bramwells' house. Lily lived upon her sorrow in silence, waited patiently for her lover's arrival, longed anxiously to hear from him, or some tidings of him, —but Arthur Dayrell kept away, and Lily received no comforting news.

The day after the little party on Mrs. Bramwell's wedding-day, her husband had to hurry up to London on business, and so it was impossible for him to go and look Arthur up, as he had intended to have done. When Mr. Bramwell came back, he thought Arthur's conduct rather strange in not having come near any of them, and, to tell the truth, felt a little annoyed at his extraordinary neglect as regarded Lily. And so he wrote. The answer was stiff and formal; business was pleaded as an excuse for not coming to call on the Bramwells. There was no mention whatever in this letter of Lily. Mr. Bramwell talked the matter over with his wife, and it was ultimately decided between them that the subject should be allowed to rest for a few weeks. The Dayrells were, no doubt, in an awkward predicament as far as business was concerned; and Mr. Bramwell had no wish, however much pained he was, to intrude upon his old friends with another disagreeable subject. As for Lily, she did not quite look at Arthur's conduct in this matter-of-fact light.

There had been passages of love between them deep and tender, and, as she had thought, poor girl, very true. There had been wild moments when, hand-in-hand,

they had talked of a bright and happy future, and had alluded to separation as an utter impossibility. Would business, then, detain him from her side, unless there were some other and far more engrossing cause? Would business be of so urgent a nature as to prevent his writing a few lines to say that he was, as he had ever been, true to his own love? What a comfort such a short note would have been to the poor girl, heartbroken at the very idea of having to believe her own suspicions. She had heard of these quiet separations before from girl-friends of hers. She had been told of men—men with affection, but of a weak and vacillating temperament, who had stolen away from their engagement and honour, in the very night, as it were, making long absence and deep silence tell the tale of their untruth. That Arthur Dayrell had a heart she knew; that he was wild and impressionable, she feared. And this was to be the end of her romance! This was the man she had bowed down to and almost worshipped; a man who had taken her many times to his heart; a man to whom she had disclosed the secrets of her young life; a man whose comforts and happiness she had prayed on her knees that she might study; a man who had repaid this devotion by turning his back upon her—who had left her with her tears, heartbroken and alone in the world.

About six weeks after the dinner-party, as they were sitting down at breakfast, the servant as usual brought in Mr. Bramwell's letters and the local morning paper. It was Lily's duty to cut this for her father while he was reading his letters. He was rather longer than usual over them on this morning, and Lily employed herself during the interval with glancing over the contents of the paper.

Suddenly the paper dropped from her hands, and the poor girl burst into a violent fit of hysterical weeping. She turned towards her mother, who had come over to her, and sobbed out—

'Oh, mamma! it is really all over now!'

'What is it, my child?' asked Mrs. Bramwell.

'Read it, mamma; read it. I really cannot speak any more.'

Lily handed her mother the paper, and left the room.

Mrs. Bramwell read the announcement of the marriage of the sister of Luigi Amato with Arthur Dayrell.

A fortnight after this little scene in the breakfast-room, a very large public ball was given in the Victoria Rooms, in honour of some event of general interest.

Lily Bramwell had expressed a particular wish to go, and her parents had no wish to prevent her. Everybody would, of course, be there; and there seemed every chance that, on this occasion, the newly-married couple would, for the first time, meet Lily Bramwell face to face. It is a harmless curiosity to wish to see your rival; and Lily was certainly not proof against this. Her parents knew their child well enough to be quite sure as to how she would behave on such an occasion, and had quite sufficient confidence in her to know that her good-breeding would triumph over and be superior to any natural feelings of spite or annoyance which might possibly be lying in her bosom. There was certainly no danger or likelihood of a scene. Lily's grief was too deep to be vulgarized. It was a trying ordeal, of course, for her to go through; and her father and mother could not quite make out why she should insist on making herself a martyr, which she certainly intended to do. It is a pleasant sort of a pain, though, this meeting after a great defeat; and though it makes our hearts bleed, we all go through it, and would go on taking draught after draught of the nauseous dose without a moment's hesitation.

When Lily Bramwell appeared in the ball-room, all eyes were instinctively turned towards her. The story had flown from mouth to mouth, and the sympathies of the room were most certainly with Lily Bramwell.

She looked charmingly. Her dress, which was of pure white, unrelieved by any colour except the red camellia which glowed in her fair hair, accorded exactly with her pure and innocent face. She looked what she was, a perfect lady; and as she sat by the side of her still handsome mother people looked in vain for some remaining traces of the great grief which she had endured. There were certainly none in her face. They were all buried away in her heart of hearts, and no one had any key to this but herself. All novice as she was in the art of dissimulation, she so entirely put people off their guard by her cheerful looks and sweet demeanour that they most of them made up their minds that the past was quite effaced from her memory. She was the object of universal attention and admiration when Arthur Dayrell and his wife entered the ball-room. It was so late when they came that Lily had almost made up her mind to be disappointed. And now a cold shiver ran through all her veins, and her heart beat quickly.

The arrival of the Dayrells made rather a sensation in the ball-room.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Dayrell's striking beauty, the easy, seductive grace of her manner, and her commanding figure made a great effect in the room. She had hardly time to make her entrance before she was literally surrounded. Her card was full in less than five minutes, and she had given sufficient promises for extra dances to fill many more cards. In the general movement which took place on Mrs. Dayrell's arrival the little group round the Bramwells was dispersed. The orchestra burst into life again, and the first few bars of a quadrille were played. Lily remained sitting by her mother's side. It seemed the work of a moment. Somebody was brought up to her and introduced; and in two seconds she was standing by the side of Luigi Amato in a quadrille, with Mrs. Arthur Dayrell as her *vis-à-vis*. The courage of which Lily Bram-

well had boasted, and which she had steeled herself into maintaining, was very nearly giving way at this point. She had longed to see her rival, and now she was dancing opposite to her. Luckily Arthur was not with his wife; had he been there the shock would have been too much for Lily. He had left the ball-room soon after his first appearance with his wife, and was now busily engaged in the card-room. Perhaps, under all the circumstances, this was the best thing he could have done.

The set in which Mrs. Arthur Dayrell and Lily Bramwell were no inconsiderable items was soon made up. Women can take in a great deal at a glance. There was one of these sharp, searching glances, so peculiar to women, and which are nearly in every case so particularly accurate, which came from both the women on this particular occasion. One look seemed quite sufficient for both of them. Their eyes met once, and then only for a second. They never met again.

Mrs. Arthur Dayrell's toilette was extremely rich, but in the most perfect taste. She had cameo ornaments, from the antique, and of priceless value, as ornaments for her neck, head, and arms. Every attitude was a picture, every movement displayed grace and abandon. There was a kind of dreamy listlessness about this beautiful Italian woman which contrasted strangely with the fire in her eyes and the proud curl of her scarlet lips. She was certainly a gloriously handsome woman. No one could avoid noticing the extraordinary contrast between these two women. As far as beauty went of course there could be no comparison. But there were many, no doubt, in the room who would have valued one smile from simple-looking Lily Bramwell more than ten thousand from this superb creature.

After this famous quadrille, Lily Bramwell was never allowed to rest. She valed exquisitely, and was secured by all the best dancers in the room. She could have had half a dozen partners for every dance if she had cared for them. Mrs. Arthur Dayrell did not value, and seemed

somewhat annoyed at the unusual attention which was being paid to Lily. She left the ball-room early, and Lily had the entire possession of the field. Luigi Amato remained, but he did not dance again.

He took a seat next to Mrs. Bramwell, and with great tact led the conversation towards that subject which is invariably welcome to a mother's ears—her daughter's beauty. From this he began with equal tact to express regret at having been so long in Bristol, and intimate with so many friends of the Bramwells, without ever having had any opportunity of knowing them intimately. He had heard about them frequently, of course, but by some strange coincidence or fatality they had never met so as to secure an introduction before this happy occasion.

Mrs. Bramwell could not, under these circumstances, fail to say how delighted she would be for him to call and know them better; but she could not help thinking when she got home about the strange impetuosity of his manner and the burst of enthusiasm with which the invitation was received.

Luigi Amato was not long in inviting himself of Mrs. Bramwell's invitation.

No one knew better than he how to ingratiate himself with strange people, and few were more successful in the art of pleasing. His first visit led to another and another, and on each occasion he received a warmer welcome than the last.

It was not very long before Lily Bramwell's name began to be coupled with that of the handsome young foreigner. We who live in the world know that people are apt to chatter soon enough about these things. Strange to say, Lily Bramwell did not reel! the attentions paid to her by Luigi. Perhaps she was piqued at the bad treatment she had received at the hands of Arthur Dayrell, and it was, no doubt, a not unpleasant kind of revenge to be seen everywhere with a man who had been his rival, and to have her name connected with his by all their mutual friends.

Girls who have been badly treated

don't, as a rule, like the idea of going through the world with that ugly word 'jilted' pasted on their backs; and it is some poor consolation to them, in the event of their being served in the shameful way that Lily Bramwell was by Arthur Dayrell, to show the conscious world that there are as good men to be found any day in the week as those who by their conduct seem to say that they have so far gained influence over a woman that they can behave as badly to her as can be without incurring any feeling of remorse or shame.

Lily Bramwell was, as far as the world's eyes were concerned, very much flattered with the attentions that were being paid to her. What was passing in her heart it is not our province to say.

Luigi Amato was not slow in perceiving the favourable impression he had made, and he followed up his advantage like a skilled tactician. His attentions became more and more marked, and every day he ingratiated himself more and more with Lily Bramwell and her parents.

The wounded heart needs consolation, and in the sweet art of consoling the dark foreigner was an adept. The tender ivy clings to the rugged elm, and just in the same way poor heartbroken Lily got to enjoy the society of her new friend, in whose hands she seemed almost powerless. She never actually loved him, perhaps, certainly not in the same way that she had loved Arthur Dayrell, but she liked the petting and attention of the big dog in whose presence—delicate little kitten as she was—she knew she was free from all possible kind of danger.

Under his care, and acting up to his advice, she met and shook hands with Arthur Dayrell. It was best that they should not be bad friends any more he had said, and so Lily steelled herself for the ordeal, and under all the circumstances got over it very creditably.

Of course it was a terrible meeting, but Lily had made up her mind before she undertook the task that there should be no faltering on her side.

They met, shook hands, and passed on; and after that moment Arthur Dayrell became an ordinary friend and no more to Lily Bramwell.

The presence of mind of women when they are 'put to it' is proverbial, and Lily was every inch a woman in this respect.

It was not long before Luigi Amato went privately to Lily's father and asked his formal consent to a marriage with his daughter.

'As regards this most important subject,' said Mr. Bramwell, 'Lily is entirely her own mistress. I should never interfere on this point with my children, unless, of course, I saw anything positively distasteful or objectionable in the person concerned. I need hardly say that I have no fault to find with you. Go then to Lily herself, and learn from her lips what she has to say in the matter. If she consents I can only say that I shall consider you a very lucky fellow, and wish you joy with all my heart. My daughter Lily, though her father says it, is not the kind of wife that a young man picks up any day in the week, particularly in this degraded and sordid match-making age.'

Lily Bramwell looked up into the eyes of her rough protector, and, in the most artless and childlike manner possible, said she would be Luigi Amato's wife.

Luigi was most anxious there should be no delay in the marriage. It was his express wish, too, that there should be no 'fuss' at the wedding, and extracted a promise from Mrs. Bramwell that it should be as quiet as it possibly could be.

The young couple were to start for Italy as soon as they were married; for at Genoa Luigi Amato had some pressing business, which would very probably occupy him for some time to come. The young Italian anticipated some pride in introducing his charming little English wife to his friends and relations over in his native country.

Though Lily Bramwell had gone through the ordeal of meeting and shaking hands with Arthur Dayrell, she had hitherto 'fought shy,' as it is called, of Arthur's wife.

Of course it was not probable that

these women could possibly be great friends, and it was eminently natural that they should mutually put off as long as possible the inevitable meeting.

Mrs. Dayrell, *née* Euphrosyne Amato, knew very well what her husband had been once upon a time to her brother's intended bride; and Lily had a woman's natural repugnance to a woman who had supplanted her, as it were, in the affections of the man she had idolized. And so they had eyed one another at a distance for some time past, but said nothing. In their hearts, however, they knew well enough that there would never be any very violent friendship between them. Lily, like the sweet-tempered girl that she was, arranged plans in her mind to avoid any open breach.

Now, however, that she was to become Luigi Amato's wife the evil day could no longer be postponed; for it was requisite that Mrs. Arthur Dayrell, *née* Euphrosyne Amato, should be introduced into the family of which her brother was soon to be so conspicuous a member.

Mrs. Bramwell arranged a little garden party—for it was summer time—and collected together a few friends, in order that the introduction might be as little formal and painful as circumstances would permit.

When Mrs. Arthur Dayrell arrived both Mrs. Bramwell and her daughter went across the garden to meet her, and their greeting was at least unaffected and sincere. Mrs. Arthur Dayrell was stiff and formal, and received their congratulations with very little warmth. This line of conduct she continued throughout the afternoon, joining but little in the amusements that were going on, making herself as little agreeable as possible, and, in a most marked manner, sitting by herself on the window-sill of the library window, which opened out on to the lawn. Her eyes were constantly fixed upon Lily, and the look which she gave her from time to time was by no means an agreeable one. Luigi noticed, in common with many of the other guests, his sister's extraordinary conduct, and went towards

the spot she had selected for herself.

'I hardly think you are behaving very well to our hosts or their guests,' he said. 'Is it absolutely necessary that you should isolate yourself from them, and treat us all with such very marked contempt?'

'You know me well enough, I should think, Luigi, to guess the reason,' she replied. 'I don't intend to act civility where I don't feel it. I absolutely detest that simpering girl.'

'I will not allow you to speak like this to me.'

'Then why did you begin the conversation? I am very comfortable where I am, and do not feel in the mood for indulging in wild panegyrics on Miss Lily Bramwell.'

'You are talking absurdly now, Euphrosyne. I don't wish you to put yourself more than ordinarily out of the way; but I think, for my sake, you might behave civilly to poor Lily.'

Mrs. Arthur Dayrell was not a badhearted woman, although her temper was none of the best, and she idolized her brother. She felt that she had gone a little too far now, and was really sorry when she saw that Luigi was pained.

'Well, never mind, Luigi,' she said, soothingly. 'I will go with you, and make pretty speeches to your flaxen-haired doll.'

When she turned to take Luigi's arm, in order to gain the croquet party on the lawn, she met Lily Bramwell face to face.

Lily had crept slyly up when Luigi was talking to his sister, determined to surprise him with her, and to show him that there should be no animosity on her part towards Mrs. Arthur Dayrell. She came at an unfortunate time, and unavoidably overheard a greater part of their conversation. When she turned to go it was too late, and a dull kind of stupor stole over her. Luigi was unaware that Lily had overheard his sister's remarks.

'My sister is very anxious to have a turn with you in the garden,' he said. 'I shall be so glad, Lily, if you turn out to be capital friends.'

Lily, still stupefied, heard nothing

until Luigi had repeated what he had said two or three times. Luigi concluded that he had another refractory spirit to deal with, and that he would have to go through the same amount of persuasion over again. He had not anticipated that he would have any difficulty with Lily.

When Lily recovered herself, and was aware that she was being addressed, she stared at them both vacantly, and said nothing. This made matters worse than they were before. Luigi Amato was annoyed, and he did not disguise his annoyance.

'Perhaps I was wrong,' said he, in rather a sarcastic tone, 'to have interrupted the delightful reverie you were in, and which you seemed to enjoy so thoroughly. I will take a turn or two with my sister myself, if you wish to continue your dream, and don't desire to be disturbed. Any other time will do as well for my sister.'

Lily blushed deeply. She could not get Mrs. Arthur Dayrell's cruel words out of her head; and now to these were added the first unkind speech she had heard from Luigi himself. There was a lump in her throat in an instant, and, despite of all her efforts, the tears would come welling to her eyes. Luigi Amato regretted in an instant the harshness of his tone, and was really grieved to see that poor sensitive Lily was pained.

'Lily, darling, I am so sorry,' he said. 'It was cruel of me to speak as I did. You know I would not hurt you for the world.'

'Never mind his sarcasms, Lily, dear—I must call you so now,' said Mrs. Dayrell, with as much ease as she could muster; 'he thinks it clever, but he never means what he says.'

Touched with the frankness of Luigi's apology and the kind and unusual tone in which his sister spoke, Lily was all smiles again in an instant, and, notwithstanding what she had overheard, she consoled herself inwardly with the old and uncomfortable adage, that 'listeners never hear any good of themselves,' and took the desired turn

round the garden with Arthur Dayrell's wife.

'Well, my worthy brother,' said Mrs. Arthur Dayrell, later on in the evening, when he was conducting her to the carriage, to go home—for Arthur had found some excuse, not altogether relishing the idea of a garden party at that house under altered circumstances,—'how do you think I have behaved on the whole? I don't think so very badly! But I warn you,' she added, not giving him time for a reply, 'I don't honestly like her, and you must not expect me to go through this kind of thing every day in the week when you come back, for I can't stand it.'

A fortnight afterwards Lily Bramwell became the wife of Luigi Amato; and within a very few hours of their wedding the happy couple were on their way to Florence.

CHAPTER III.

Six months passed away, and still Luigi Amato and his wife gave no signs of returning to Bristol. In fact there were whispers that in all probability Amato would remain for some time longer where he was. To the initiated it became known that he had been engaged in some very daring speculations, which had not turned out quite so well as he had anticipated; and, indeed, there was a report that the Italian house would hardly weather the storm. The various communications were made to Arthur Dayrell by foreign correspondents, and through him they reached the ears of Lily Bramwell's father. Mr. Bramwell was naturally nervous on his daughter's account, and he wrote to her, in order to elicit, if possible, some confirmation or denial of the rumours. However, the fears of all were alleviated by the sudden reappearance at Bristol of Luigi Amato and his wife, at the end of a year from the time they had quitted the great commercial capital of the west of England.

Lily had been kept quite in the dark on the subject of her husband's commercial transactions, and therefore she had neither good nor bad news for her father. With a woman's quick instinct, however, she had

guessed that matters were not going quite smoothly; but, with a woman's natural good sense, she said nothing, trusting if it were as she anticipated, that there would be a favourable turn of the wheel of fortune, and that all would eventually go well.

The Amatos had been back in England about a month when one morning Lily was disturbed in her morning's work by the appearance of a servant who handed her a letter.

It was in the handwriting of her sister-in-law. She opened the letter. She had hardly read the first few lines before her eyes swam and her lips became pale. She trembled violently, but making an effort to command herself, she rang the bell and ordered the carriage round immediately. She gave the coachman orders to drive to Mr. Arthur Dayrell's house, which was charmingly situated in the picturesque village of Frenchay, a few miles out of Bristol. Arthur Dayrell was alone in the room to which Lily was conducted. She could see by his face that he was as much agitated as she was. He had got on what she used playfully to call his 'business face' in the old days. But he came towards her and led her to a seat. She sat down, but he remained standing, leaning one arm against the mantelpiece.

'I can guess by your face what you would say,' said he, in an agitated voice, 'but you must not ask impossibilities. I have little power to save your husband. I have received intelligence, private intelligence, remember, from Florence that Amato's trickery has been discovered. The particulars of the case have been telegraphed over here, and at this very moment he may be in the hands of justice.'

'But if he has not been arrested you can save him?'

'I don't think I would if I could.'

Lily Bramwell covered her face with her hands, and shrank from the touch of Arthur Dayrell when he came towards her to give her comfort.

'Oh! Arthur,' she said, 'I did not think so badly of you. You have wronged me enough, heaven knows, without bringing further disgrace

not only upon me but upon the man I have married.'

'I have wronged you, Lily, I know it, and am suffering for my sin by a life of utter misery. I would go to the end of the world to save you further pain, but this man, what shall I say of him? Can I spare him, coward and traitor as he is, now that I have got him in my grasp?'

'My husband! How can he have injured you?'

'Injured me? that is a mild term, Lily, for the wrongs your husband has inflicted on me. I have kept my secret until now, and have suffered tortures heaven knows how terrible. I can keep the secret no longer; you must hear everything.'

Lily uncovered her face and looked wonderingly towards Arthur, who had gone back again to the mantelpiece, where he remained pale and immovable as a statue.

'You cannot have forgotten, Lily, that terrible time when the story of the impending ruin of my father's house was in everybody's mouth here in Bristol—that time when I kept away from you because I was in disgrace, and because I had no wish to burden you with my sorrow. It was true that we were very nearly ruined. It was true that had ruin and disgrace fallen upon us it would have been all through me. Mine would have been the hand to bring dishonour upon my old father and his children. Would that I had never listened to the treacherous voice of this disgraceful man! But I did listen to him, and forged the very fetters of a life-long despair. At the time to which I am alluding Luigi Amato was a comparative stranger to me. We had met occasionally, but merely as very distant acquaintances. But this man had seen you, Lily, and he loved you with all the wild fury of his southern nature. He dogged my footsteps, and I could not free myself of him. He took me entirely off my guard, and, like a fool that I was, I believed him to be sincere. I took his advice and engaged the house in a ruinous speculation. Step by step he dragged me down merely to lift me up with his own hands. He

had but one object in view, and that was to prevent my marriage with you. When he knew I was on the verge of a precipice he came and offered me assistance. I was entirely in his hands, and he knew it. He could ruin me and us all. He saved us, for I accepted his offer, but the security I gave for his filthy loan was the happiness of my life. I promised him I would marry his sister, and then he knew that he was safe. You know the rest.'

'Oh! Arthur, say no more,' sobbed Lily, 'I cannot, cannot bear it.'

'And this is the man,' he continued, bitterly, 'that you would have me save. If you only knew the life I have led these years past.'

'You have suffered terribly indeed, and I hardly dare beg your forgiveness for him; but, Arthur, he is my husband, and I must stand by him to the last.'

'What would you have me do?'

'Save him and me!'

'Oh! Lily, what would I not do for you, my first, last love. For your sake the prize must slip through my fingers, and the hour of vengeance I have prayed for must reap no fruit. I will save you, Lily, and your husband must cling to your skirts.'

Arthur Dayrell's voice was quite softened now. He sat down by Lily Bramwell's side, and taking her hand in his he said, 'There is a ship in port which is just free of her cargo of sugar. She sails at day-break for the West Indies. I know the captain of the vessel well, and whatever favour I ask of him he will perform. If I beg him to take your husband on board and assist him to escape he will do so.'

'And you will do this?'

'If I facilitate your husband's escape would you follow him?'

'Is it not my duty to be ever at his side?'

'Not when a husband has behaved as yours has done. He is unworthy of you.'

'I will not go with him.'

'Then part of the debt is paid off.'

Arthur Dayrell went to a writing-table, and wrote out the instructions which Luigi Amato was to follow. When he had finished he gave them

to Lily, promising that he would himself go down to Bristol and give directions to the captain of the 'Santa Fé.'

'Remember, he must be on board to-night.'

'He shall. Thank you, and God bless you for what you have done!'

When Lily arrived at home she waited in anxiety for her husband's return. Hour after hour passed away, and still she sat motionless, her eyes fixed on the clock in her little sitting-room.

At last she heard his footsteps, and knew that he was so far safe. He came into the room and threw himself into a chair.

'Oh! Luigi, I am so glad you are safe.'

'Safe! Do you know all, then? I thought I might have spared you this pain. But there is no time to be lost. The news has already been telegraphed to London, and I am not safe for an instant. The worst of it is that I don't see there is a chance of escape. What shall we do?'

'There is one chance for you,' said Lily, bravely. 'Read what is written here.'

'It is Arthur Dayrell's handwriting! You don't know all. That man would kill me if he could.'

'He has promised me to save you, and he will keep his word.'

'Promised you to save me! And on what terms, may I ask? Has he been here in my absence bargaining with you? Has he dared to speak thus to you?'

'Arthur Dayrell has not been here. I have been to him.'

'I will receive no favour at his hands.'

'Are you mad, Luigi?' said his wife, with energy, 'to speak like this at such a time? Heaven knows that man has suffered sufficiently at your hands. Come, let us both forget the past. Your wife shall not upbraid you in your hour of sorrow. For my sake you will obey these instructions, will you not? It is better perhaps that we should part.'

'Part! Lily, that is an awful word. My love for you has made me sin as I have done; is there no repentance? May I never hope that you will follow me and sweeten my exile?'

'I can promise nothing.'

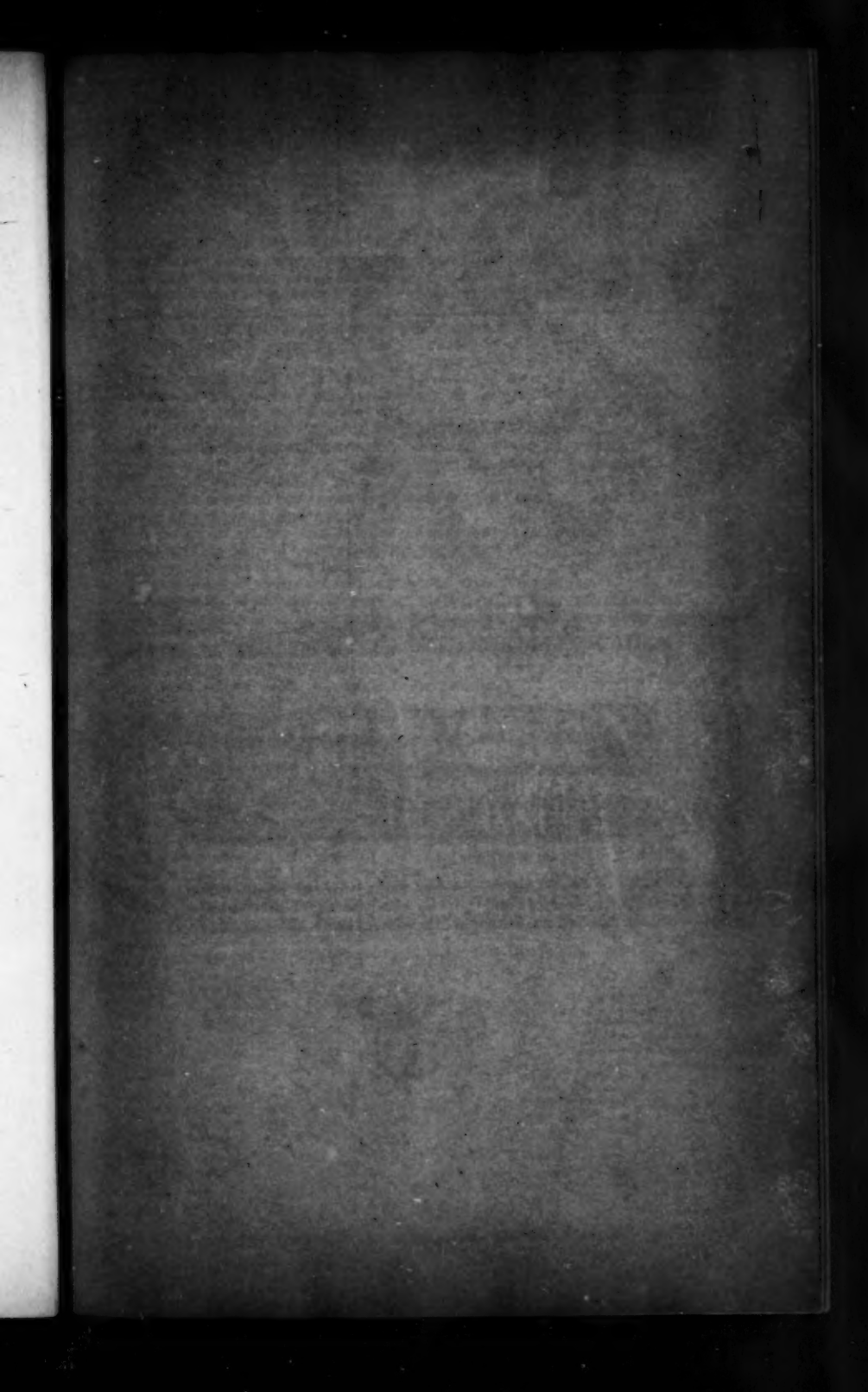
'But you will forgive me?'

'Women have forgiven who have suffered more terribly than I—more terribly than I shall suffer. God grant that you will sincerely repent, and that he will be merciful to you during the life that is before you.'

They parted; and when the 'Santa Fé' was being towed out of the Avon Lily was still tossing in her bed alone with the first deep grief she had known. She got to sleep at last, and then the sails of the ship were unfurled, and Luigi Amato was safe from the hands of his pursuers.

The good ship 'Santa Fé' never put into harbour again. Some months afterwards a bottle was picked up by a peasant on the coast of Ireland. In it was a slip of paper on which the following words were written. 'Ship sinking fast. No chance of escape. God have mercy on us all!—L. A.'







Drawn by L. C. Henley.]

HOW I SET ABOUT PAYING MY DEBTS.
AN OXFORD STORY.

